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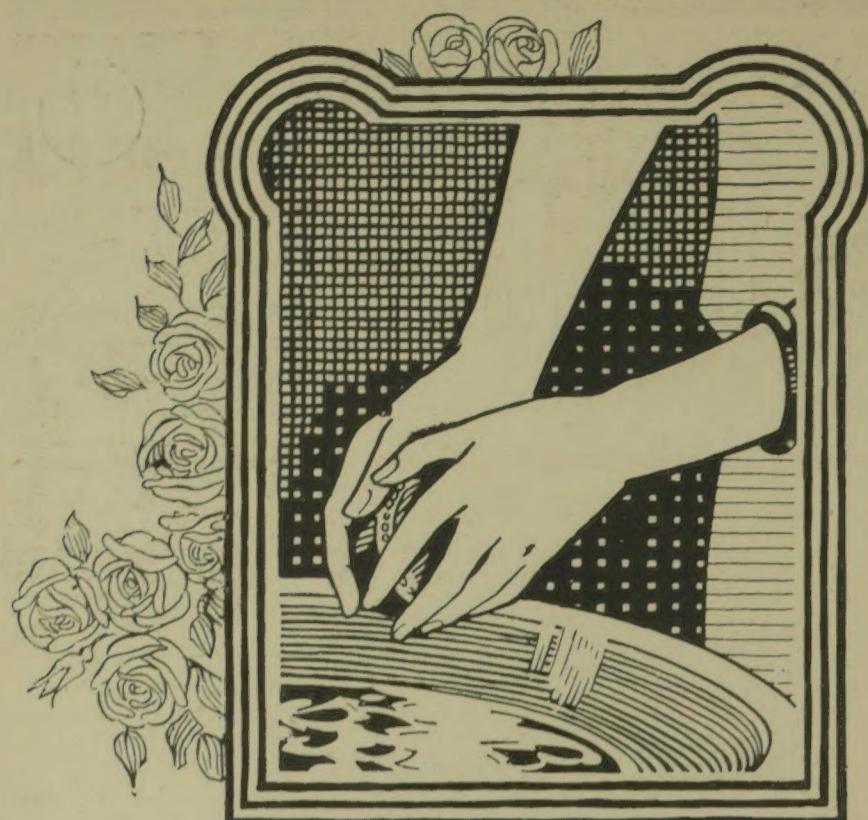
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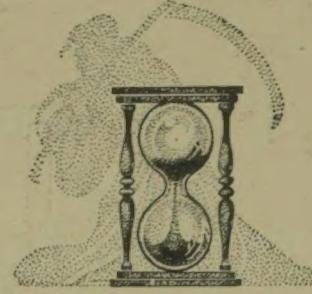
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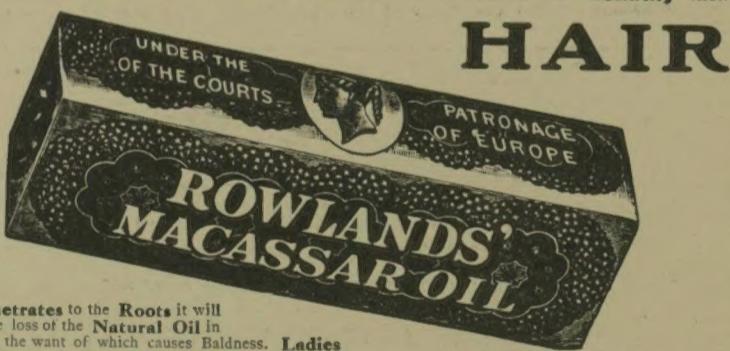
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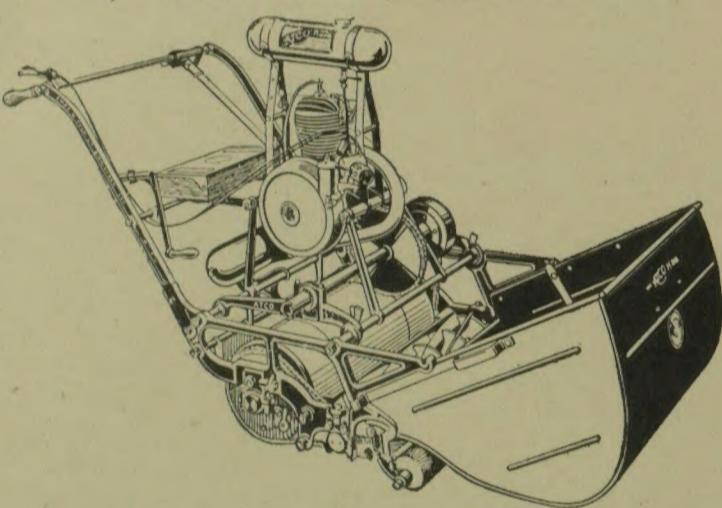
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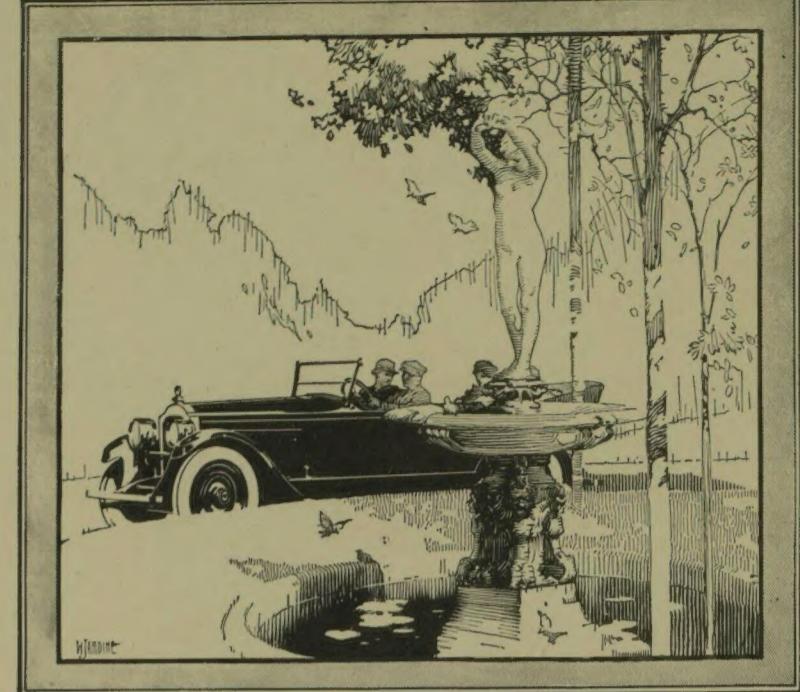


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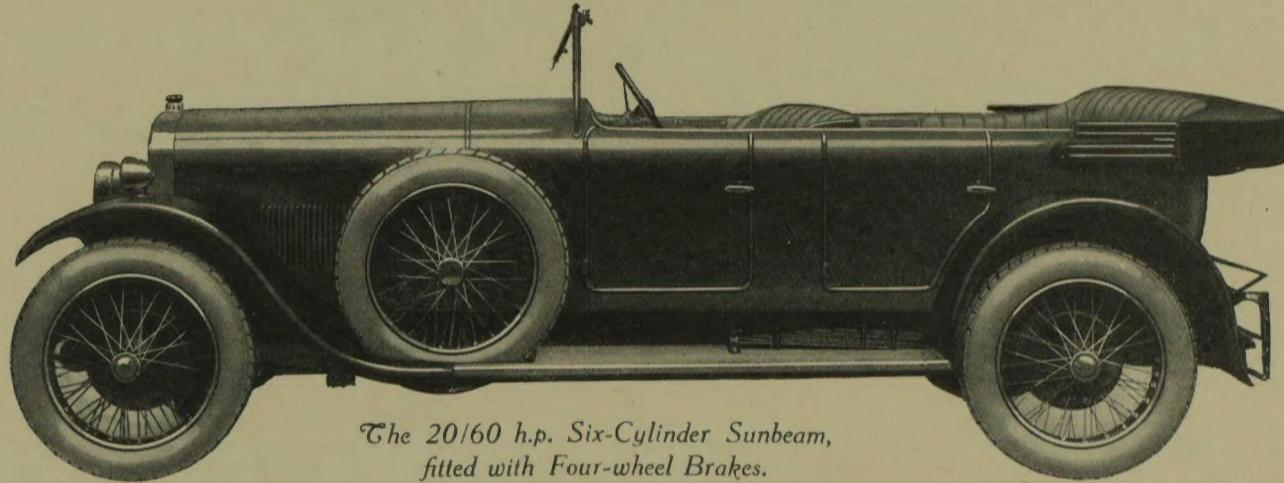
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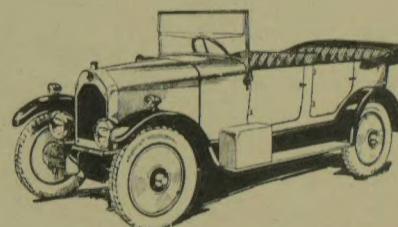
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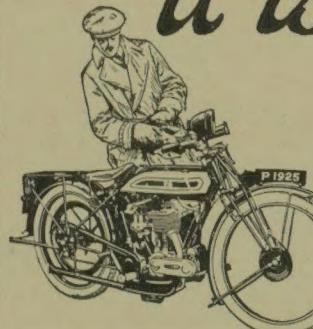
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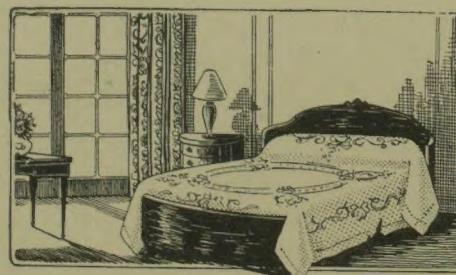
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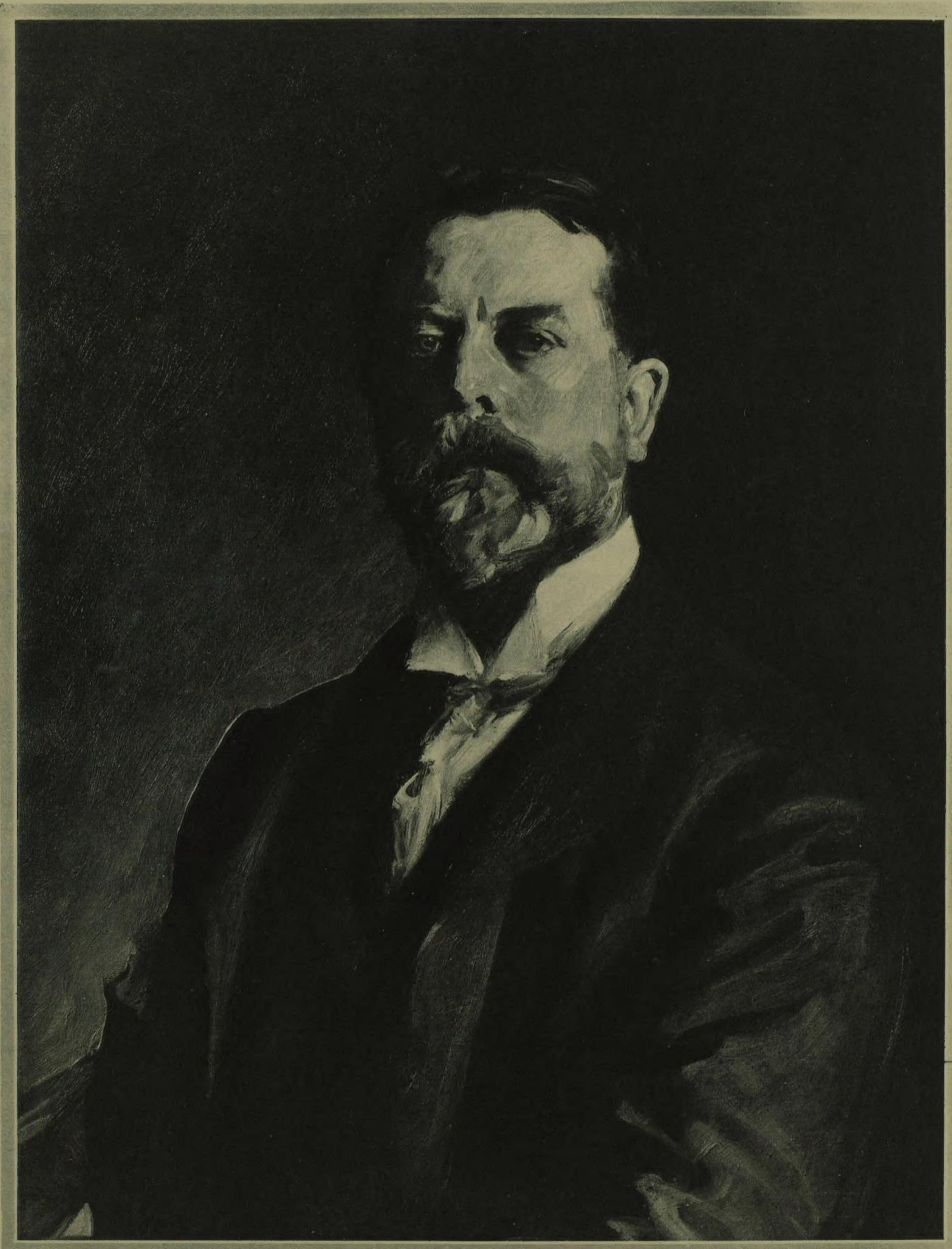


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1925.

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THE GREATEST PORTRAIT-PAINTER OF HIS TIME AS HE SAW HIMSELF : THE LATE MR. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.—
THE SELF-PORTRAIT IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY AT FLORENCE, WHERE HE WAS BORN.

The death of Sargent, which occurred suddenly from heart failure during the night of April 14-15 at his home in Tite Street, Chelsea, deprived the art world of the acknowledged master among modern portrait-painters. John Singer Sargent was born at Florence, of American parents, in 1856. His father was Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent, of Boston. His mother, before her

marriage, was Miss Mary Newbold Singer, of Philadelphia. He studied first at Florence, then in Paris, under Carolus Duran, and in 1884 settled permanently in London. Although an American citizen—for he was never naturalised here—he may in one sense be claimed as English by virtue of long residence. He was elected A.R.A. in 1894 and R.A. in 1897.

My Memories of John Sargent—By Walter Tittle.

THE recent great loss that the world has sustained in the death of Mr. John Sargent recalls vividly to my mind some interesting contacts that I was privileged to have with him some years ago that are to a considerable degree revealing of the character of this great painter.

Through the kind offices of a mutual friend, a note came to me at my hotel in Boston, in which Mr. Sargent invited me to his studio. The door was opened by Mr. Sargent himself. He was quite overpowering in sheer height and bulk, very tall, broad, and deep of chest, with clear, calm eyes that denoted the unerring vision that his brush so abundantly proclaimed. His face possessed brilliant colouring, and his hair and beard were decidedly grey.

I had hoped to see him in the act of painting, but the easel held instead a large bas-relief that he was modelling in clay. Apologising for the absence of chairs, he asked me to be seated upon one of the tables. From the other he brought a large box of cigarettes, lighting with his own hands the one that I took, and repeating this from time to time when I had finished, in spite of my protests that he pursue his work without thought of me. As he worked, his conversation revealed delightfully the unspoiled lack of self-consciousness and vanity so characteristic of him. He was humility itself before the unaccustomed medium. A further revelation of his character lay in the fact that in all of his utterances to me his attitude was that of one struggling student to another, and not of the master to the comparative novice.

"Have you ever done any modelling?" he asked. "It is so difficult. I work and work, and somehow it never seems to be any nearer to completion. I find it amazingly interesting, though. Tell me, how does the composition of the group strike you? And, for the purpose of wall decoration, do you think a very low relief best, or do you favour a bit fuller approach toward the round?" I answered both queries honestly, but felt a bit of embarrassment at venturing any opinion in his presence.

"This is the first of a new set of decorations for the rotunda of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Some of the panels will be sculptured and some painted. At the rate that I am proceeding with this one, I fear I shall never finish! Come with me, and I will show you the sketches for the whole scheme."

We entered some adjoining rooms. A number of the preparatory studies were on the walls, and an architectural model of the rotunda itself, done on a considerable scale, was there. He directed me to put my head through one of the arches, and, by looking up, the entire decorative ensemble was visible.

"For the sculptural parts of this work, I have made all of my preparatory sketches in clay, as you see. I thought it best not to plan them on paper; I get a much better idea of their final effect in this way," he said. He kept me with him until he had to leave for a luncheon engagement, and invited me to lunch with him on the following day. As we parted in the street he shook my hand again, and lifted his hat in the Continental manner.

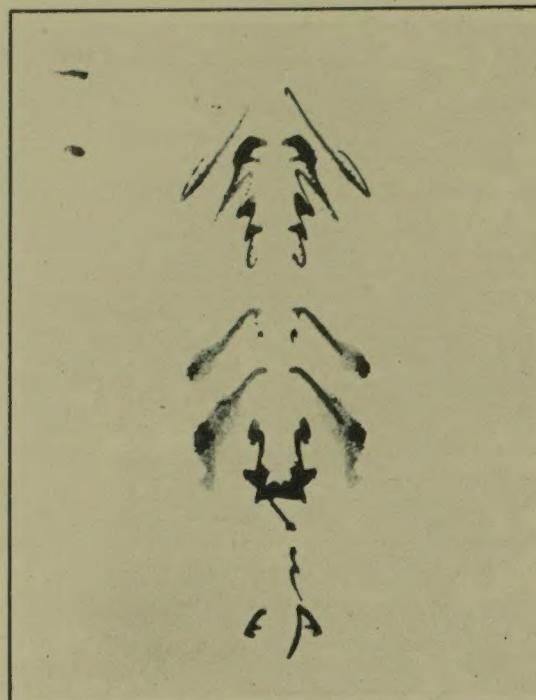
My luncheon with him was a delight. Again he talked without restraint, as if we were students together, obviously sincere in this attitude. Another luncheon followed, and breakfast as well, as I happened to be staying at the hotel where he was living. He asked questions about certain American artists that he had known, and was eager for news of younger ones who had developed during his long absences abroad. He was warm in his praise of much that he had seen. For Zorn he had an enthusiasm that surprised me; while for other painters, whose manner and convictions were far removed from his own, his admiration was even greater. The Spaniard Zuloaga was one of these, and Mancini another. Since then, a well-known English patron of Mr. Sargent told me of his great assistance to the latter in creating a demand for his work in England. His adoration for the pictures of the Italian was attested by his self-effacing remark: "I wish I were one-tenth as good an artist as he is!"

This humility was further revealed in a discussion of his own products. None of his adverse critics could possibly have been more sweeping in condemnation of his great works. I mentioned a self-portrait of him that I had recently seen.

"Do you mean that awful thing in the Uffizi?" he asked with a grimace.

"No, this is one that you painted for the collection of the National Academy in New York," I replied. At first he could not recall it, but finally he said—

"Oh, yes; I remember. Terrible!"



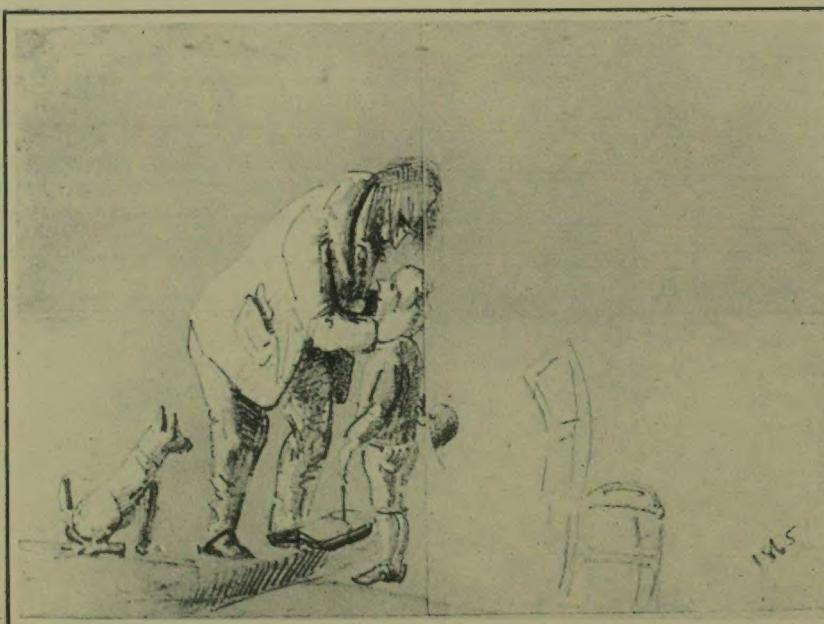
A "DOUBLE" OF SARGENT'S SIGNATURE: A CURIOUS SKELETON EFFECT.

The "double" was formed in the usual way, by folding the paper bearing the signature, "John S. Sargent," with the ink still wet, along a line exactly below the words. The result is shown vertically. This specimen is included in Sir David Murray's collection of unpublished Sargent sketches, some of which are illustrated on the opposite page.

By Courtesy of Sir David Murray, R.A.

"I saw your 'El Jaleo' recently," I continued. "How do you feel about it?"

"I hope to find time to paint an additional figure into it that will help the composition," was the reply. "As it stands, the composition is not good, and that is so important."



AN EARLY "SARGENT": A DRAWING MADE BY THE GREAT PAINTER AT THE AGE OF NINE, IN 1865.

This drawing, made by Sargent when he was nine years old, was shown, during his lifetime, at the Art Centre in New York, at an Exhibition of Childhood Work of Living American Masters. He was the son of a Boston doctor, and was born in Florence in 1856.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"How about the Boit children?" I pursued.

"Utterly childish!" This with an enthusiasm of condemnation. "There is no real composition at all, merely an amateurish sort of arrangement that could find its rebuke in any good Japanese print. The little girl in the foreground is not so badly painted; it is representative of the objective of that time, to make things like; but on the whole an amateurish performance."

The list of interrogations was considerably extended, revealing consistently the discontent that the growth of the master's convictions had brought

for past performances. He had had enough of portraiture, he said. Shrugging his great shoulders and clutching his fists with a comical contortion of his face, he said—

"I hate to paint portraits! I hope never to paint another portrait in my life. Landscape I like, but, most of all, decoration, where the really æsthetic side of art counts for so much more. Portraiture may be all right for a man in his youth, but after forty I believe that manual dexterity deserts one, and, besides, the colour-sense is less acute. Youth can better stand the exactions of a personal kind that are inseparable from portraiture. I have had enough of it. I want now to experiment in more imaginary fields."

"You are so frightfully hard to please in reviewing your own product, Mr. Sargent," I said. "About what percentage of it really satisfies you, do you think?"

The reply was most positive, and again the shrug accompanied it: "Very, very little!"

"I believe I can name one that you will not condemn," I smiled. "'The Hermit' in the Metropolitan Museum."

"Yes, yes," he nodded. "I like that one myself. Of course, it is a landscape with a figure, and that sort of thing interests me now. And it is one of my most successful efforts in that line."

I spent the summer on a lake in Vermont, returning to Boston for a few days in the autumn. As I sat at breakfast in my hotel, Mr. Sargent's huge figure appeared in the door. Seeing me, he lifted his hand in recognition, and took his place in the chair opposite to me. I had been absent for more than two months of the hottest period, and in the course of our conversation I asked—

"Where did you go for your holiday?"

"I have not taken any as yet," was the reply.

"Do you mean to say that you have been working here in this heat?" was my astonished query.

"Oh, yes, every day as usual. There is no better time for work than the summer. The people go away, and there is little chance of interruption."

"But surely you will have a vacation now?" I said.

"Possibly," was his reply. "I may go away over the coming week-end. That will be all, if I do that."

I looked with envy at the man's huge physique, and the energy that was evident in it. He took me to his apartment in the hotel before my departure, asking that I bring some examples of my work for him to see. I had with me only a half-dozen of dry-point portraits, but his interest in them and his generous praise proved a subtle and delicious stimulant. One of them he studied for a long time, giving to it special commendation. He brought out several of his latest charcoal portraits for me to see. An especially brilliant one was of an old man.

"He is an uncle of mine, living in Philadelphia," he explained; then, with a smile: "Funny old cock, isn't he? Looks like a hippopotamus!"

"Where is your studio?" he asked, returning again to my dry-points. I described its location in New York.

"Oh, yes; I know the place. When I am down there again I would like to come to you and see some of your paintings. Do you know a neighbour of yours, an old chap named X—, whose speciality is the painting of scientific studies of a certain sort?" He described them. "I met him somewhere, and he carried me off to his studio to show me his canvases. There were about five hundred of them, all very much alike, and he wanted me to exert influence, that he seemed to think I possessed, to have them purchased *en bloc* by the nation. He started to show me the whole lot, beginning with number one! After I had seen about thirty, I could stand

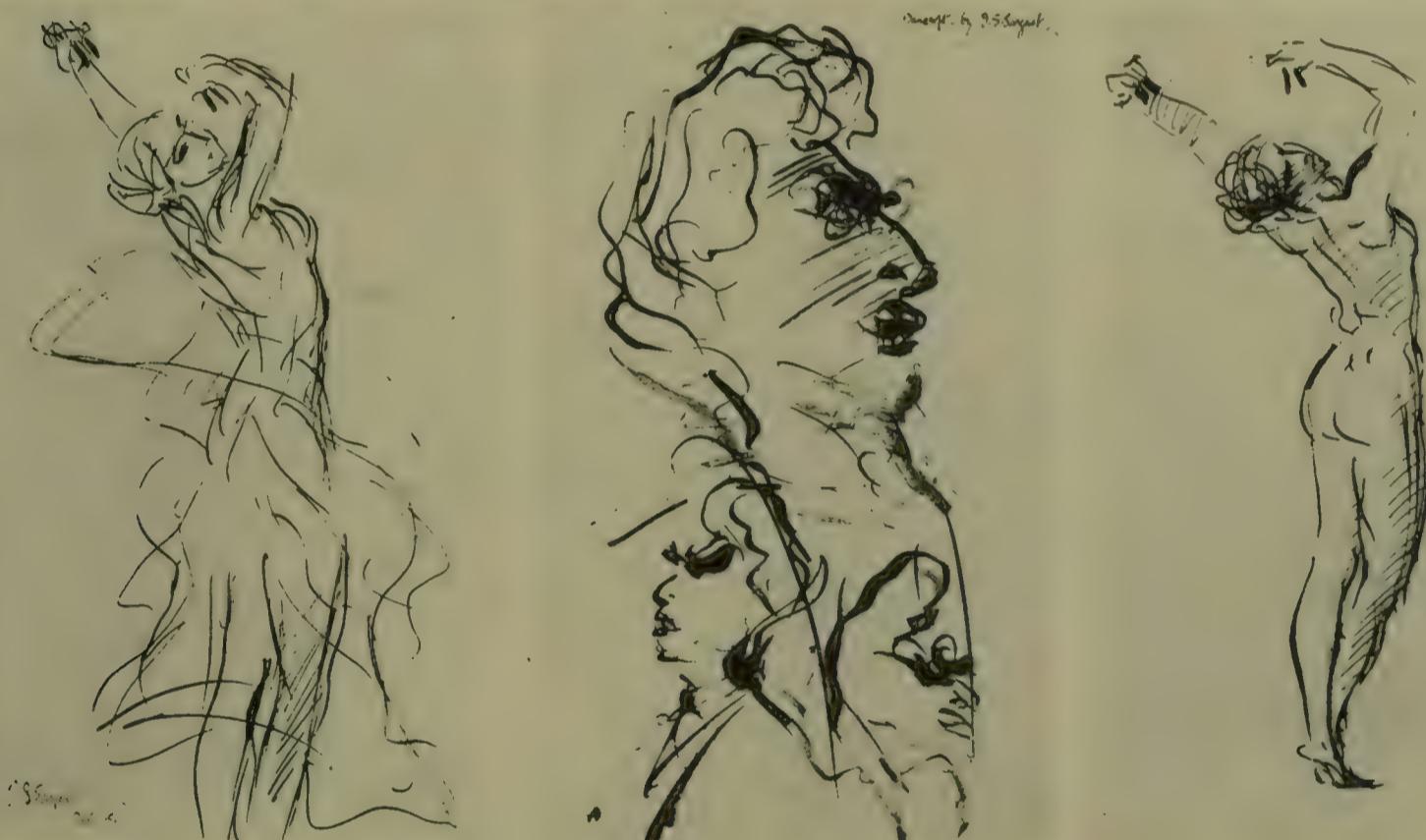
it no longer, so I jumped to my feet with my hand to my face, asking where I could find a dentist. I had a tooth that was nearly killing me. He directed me to a chemist's shop nearby where he said I could find relief, and as I clattered down the stairway he called insistently after me to return at once and see the rest of the five hundred canvases!"

Life was most kind to this great man, and death was too, in that he was allowed to depart so peacefully, with his dynamic activities unabated to the end.

WALTER TITTLE.

UNKNOWN SARGENT SKETCHES: IDLE MOMENTS AT ACADEMY COUNCILS.

BY COURTESY OF SIR DAVID MURRAY, R.A., PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED COLLECTION OF PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES BY SARGENT:
"LADY EDEN," SIGNED "JOHN S. SARGENT, 13 DEC., 1900."A PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SKETCHED BY SARGENT AT A COUNCIL:
"SIR E. J. POYNTER," SIGNED "JOHN S. SARGENT, 5 AUG., 1913."SIGNED "J. S. SARGENT, FEB. 1907": A MEMORISED
IMPRESSION OF A FIGURE FROM "LA DANSE."ENTITLED "BANCROFT, BY J. S. SARGENT," IN THE
ARTIST'S HAND: A SKETCH OF SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT.SIGNED "J. S. SARGENT, NOV. '07": ANOTHER MEMORY
SKETCH FROM "LA DANSE" AT THE PARIS OPERA.DONE DURING AN ACADEMY COUNCIL MEETING: "D. M. AND LUCAS," SIGNED "JOHN S.
SARGENT"—PORTRAITS OF SIR DAVID MURRAY, R.A. (LEFT) AND SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.ONE OF SARGENT'S PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF ACADEMY COLLEAGUES:
SIR DAVID MURRAY, SIGNED "J. S. SARGENT, TO MY FRIEND, DAVID."

By courtesy of Sir David Murray, R.A., we reproduce here some remarkably interesting original sketches by the late Mr. John Sargent, only recently made known. "At the Royal Academy Council meetings," says the "Morning Post," "Mr. Sargent used to spend the moments not taken up with business in making, on sheets of notepaper, drawings of his colleagues, or memorised impressions of some piece of statuary or architecture that had specially appealed to him. These sketches at first were torn up or left lying about, but Sir David Murray, recognis-

nising the artistic value of his own portrait, began to form the collection, which now fills a good-sized volume. The drawings may seem perfunctory scrawls, 'dashed off' hastily, as is the custom of *les jeunes* of to-day, but we have Sir David Murray's assurance that they were done with serious deliberation, the search for form and structural emphasis being apparent in the portrait, as well as in the studies of the figure from Carpeaux's famous group, 'La Danse,' on the façade of the Paris Opera."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME very valuable remarks were recently made by Miss Rose Macaulay in a review of a book on "Woman" by Mr. W. L. George. The book is something of a simplification of a subject that has not generally been considered simple. A great deal of it is devoted to the notion of a normal or at least continuous grievance of woman against man, in the style once associated with the New Woman, who is already rather an Old Woman. It is sprinkled with scornful expressions about the masculine prejudice which made woman a slave in the Stone Age, and apparently much the same sort of slave in the Victorian Age. Miss Rose Macaulay protests against this sweeping sex denunciation of a sweeping sex domination. And certainly nobody is better fitted to protest from a detached and independent standpoint. Nobody can say that the author of "Orphan Island" is a mere dupe of Victorian sentimentalism and Victorian respectability. Nobody can pretend that Miss Rose Macaulay is a meek and milk-and-watery Miss of the pattern described by Mr. George. Nobody pretends that she is always fainting on suspicion of a mouse. Nobody says that she is incapable of saying "Bo" to a goose. She passes most of her literary life in saying "Bo" to a large variety of geese, but rather especially to Victorian geese. "Bo" is, indeed, a mild and modified version of what she sometimes says; and, if the Victorian geese or mice had a sufficiently subtle perception, it is they who would faint.

But this renders all the more valuable, because more independent, her testimony to the truth about Victorian women. And the truth is, as she points out, that it is quite absurd to pretend that Victorian women were necessarily sentimental or servile or weak-minded. She cites examples from her own experience, and even her own family; and of course every one of us could practically do the same. We should all of us have grown up with a totally different notion of what an old woman was like, if old women had really been creatures so crushed and so colourless. But, while fact is necessarily private, fiction is normally public. And from Victorian fiction alone it would be possible to destroy this whole delusion about Victorian fact. In this matter, indeed, it is specially easy to invoke the fiction against the falsehood. Was Miss Betsy Trotwood a little clinging parasite? Was Lady Kew a helpless and crushed character? Was Mrs. Proudie a cipher in her own house, or Miss Crawley too timid to utter her own opinions? What about Shirley, who defied mad dogs and wild curates, not to mention strong-minded iron-masters and cantankerous Yorkshire yeomen? What about Marian Halcombe, whose point of steel dinted the iron inhumanity of Count Fosco? Did Laura always agree with Pendennis? Was Mr. Bayham Badger a tyrant dominating Mrs. Bayham Badger? Was there no personality in Bella Wilfer—to say nothing of the sublime personality of Mrs. Wilfer? It is obvious that the Victorians were as familiar as anybody else with the idea of a woman having a strong personality; and, if not all the women have it in literature, it is because not all the women have it in life. But manifestly it was not made impossible for a woman to be a power, merely on the ground that she was a woman.

Over and above this obvious objection there is a deeper error which it did not occur to Mr. George to avoid, and did not even lie in the way of Miss Macaulay to criticise. It is something involved in the very nature

of these changes, which the school of Mr. George treats more or less as one continuous though slow emancipation. The truth is that these changes were not all emancipations and were certainly not all continuous. They can be more clearly understood if they are compared to fashions in dress rather than to revolutions in doctrine. And they are like fashions in dress especially in one respect. There is always an atmosphere of freedom about them while they are fresh, even if they are in reality rather formal and fictitious. But when the thing that was once fresh has become stale, then the same thing which was a symbol of freedom becomes a symbol of slavery. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why it should be a symbol of either one or the other. In most of the cases considered under the head of Victorian, what is regarded as an old prejudice is the remains of an old protest. It is almost always a thing that catches our

from the standpoint of those symbols of liberty, they were to look back at the particular sort of hairdressing that happens to be fashionable at the present moment. They would be quite right in saying that the ladies of 1925 had to shave part of their heads like monks. They would be quite justified, as historical critics go, in saying that they were required to shave their heads like convicts. They would be quite right in saying that the thing was a convention, and a convention of that age. But they would be quite wrong, if they inferred, as they probably will, that people who were shaved like monks were shaved with the same motives as convicts. They will be in error if they deduce, as they probably will, that people who were shaved like convicts were regarded with as much contempt as convicts. They will be mistaken when they argue that a wave of ascetic self-denial swept over the females of 1925. They will

be mistaken if they think that the Eton crop (or whatever it is called) was imposed upon women as a sign of servitude and ignominy, as the pigtail was imposed on the conquered Chinese. Yet that is usually the error that men like Mr. George make about the mere social symbols and conventions of the Victorian period and other periods. Every period in which men had any civilisation—that is, any imagination—has always made a difference between the dignity and decoration of the two sexes. But a great deal of the difference was as much a matter of detail as bobbed hair. But the point is that bobbed hair, which, regarded in one relation, is considered a sign of emancipation, might quite easily be regarded in another relation as if it were a sign of servitude.

It is so with the signs of Victorian refinement, which were often quite as reasonable in themselves as bobbed hair. It is the custom to sneer, for instance, at the accomplishments then required of a fashionable girl. It is the custom to talk contemptuously about her dabbling in water-colours. Yet nowadays not merely the fashionable girl in the fashionable finishing school is taught to dabble in water-colours, but every poor girl and every poor boy in the popular elementary schools is taught to dabble in exactly the same way; and a good thing too. Yet it never occurs to us that, when the Victorians taught their daughters to paint, they also felt that they were advancing the progress of the world. It is the custom to scoff at the young lady learning a little Italian. In this matter our education has been improved, and we learn no Italian. Yet, strangely enough, it did not seem to the Victorian young lady that she was learning a dead language when she learnt the language of the despatches of Garibaldi and the articles of Mazzini.

And I venture to think that we should be a good deal nearer to the practical problem of modern Europe than we are if our young ladies and young gentlemen knew half as much about Mussolini as she did about Garibaldi.

That is the fallacy upon the point of fashion. A fashion in itself may mean nothing or may mean very little. But while it is fashionable it may stand for the expansive ideas of a period, and a later critic will be quite wrong if he imagines that it merely stood for the repressive ones. Thus he will come to write the history of a series of revolutions as if it were one long uninterrupted reign of convention. There is something symbolical in the fact that the very word Convention has generally been used for the hasty summoning of a revolutionary Parliament.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 755, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

CONTRASTS OF WAR AND PEACE: AFTERNOON TEA ON ZEEBRUGGE MOLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.



A CAFÉ AT THE SPOT STORMED BY THE "VINDICTIVE" LANDING-PARTY: THE MOLE UNDER PEACE CONDITIONS—WHERE ZEEBRUGGE VETERANS WERE ENTERTAINED ON THE SCENE OF THEIR EXPLOIT, AFTER THE MEMORIAL UNVEILING.

The Mole at Zeebrugge under peace conditions presents a striking contrast to the scene that took place there, in the early hours of St. George's Day, 1918, when the canal was blocked against German submarines by the great British naval raid. At present, as our photograph shows, there is a café on the Mole, and it is possible to take afternoon tea near the spot where the storming party landed from the "Vindictive." In this connection we may note that, on the

occasion of the unveiling of the Zeebrugge Memorial by King Albert on April 23 (St. George's Day), the seventh anniversary of the raid, the Belgian Government arranged to give a banquet in the hangar on the Mole to the 280 veterans of the expedition invited to be present. They comprised 30 officers and 250 other ranks of the British Navy, selected from among those who took part in the raid. An officer of the Belgian Army, Lieutenant-Colonel Aerts, took the chair.

A DEITY WHO WAS ALSO THE KING AND WAR LORD OF HIS CITY: WORSHIPPING THE MOON-GOD AT UR.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL AND INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY (DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, TO MESOPOTAMIA) AND MR. SIDNEY SMITH, OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

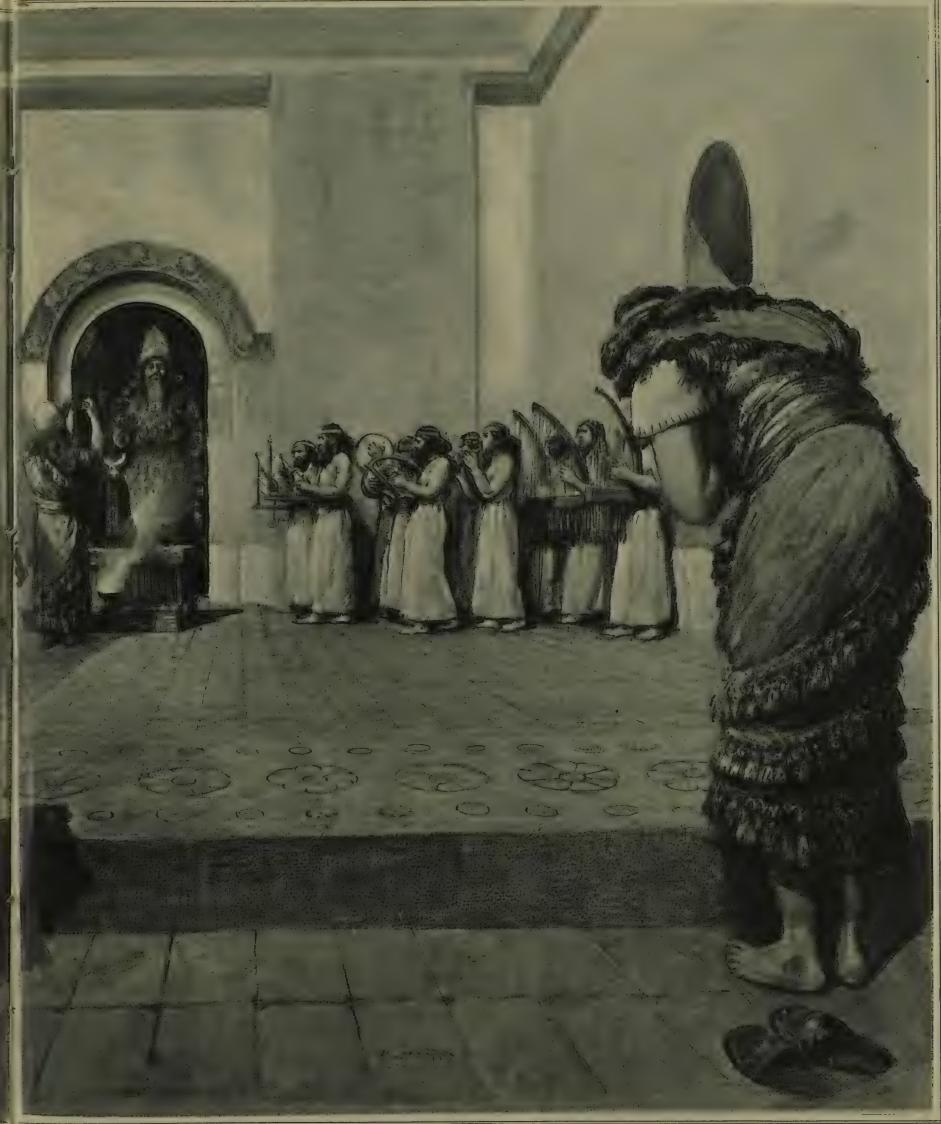


BABYLONIAN RELIGION IN THE CITY OF ABRAHAM: THE WORSHIP OF BEFORE "THE GOLDEN STATUE OF THE

In our last issue we illustrated the latest results of the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees conducted by the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Philadelphia, with extracts from a report by the director, Mr. Leonard Woolley. He has since published an interesting account of the Moon-god's temple at Ur and the nature of his worship. "The Babylonian god," he writes, "was a king, the lord of his city; he controlled its destinies much as did the temporal ruler." Lists of the various functionaries attached to the temple include, besides priests and ministers of state, a chormaster, a controller of the household, a master of the harem, and directors of livestock, dairywork, fishing, and donkey-transport. Numbers of women devotees were attached to the temple and employed in weaving. In our issue of July 28, 1923, Mr. Woolley wrote, describing the smaller temple of the Moon-god, as represented above: "It is immensely old.... By the time of Ur-Engur (2300 B.C.) the temple had been completely rebuilt several times, and the building with which Abraham was

THE MOON-GOD AT UR OF THE CHALDEES, WITH MUSIC AND SACRIFICE, GOD GLEAMING IN THE DARKENED SHRINE."

familiar was perhaps the fifth to occupy the site.... The old sanctuary had been strictly private. In the sixth-century reconstruction (by Nebuchadnezzar) there stretched in front of the shrine a large open courtyard. A step, probably once bronze-covered, led up to a smaller court recessed between the newly built wings of the shrine. On this, directly in front of the shrine door, rose a rectangular altar of brick and bitumen, once covered over with metal plates, having in front of it a table for offerings, and behind it a low footstool for the ministrant priest. Inside the sanctuary, facing the door, we found the remains of the pedestal on which stood the statue. Clearly the ritual had been changed, and a kind of congregational worship had taken the place of, or been added to, the old secret rites: the crowd gathered in the lower courtyard would watch the sacrifice performed at the altar, and through the open door would see, behind the figure of the priest, the golden statue of the god gleaming in the darkened shrine."



5400 YEARS OLD: THE TELL EL OBEID TEMPLE AND ITS SCULPTURES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, TO MESOPOTAMIA.



MILKING AS IT WAS DONE IN ANCIENT BABYLONIA SOME 5000 YEARS AGO: THE MILKING SCENE FROM THE INLAY FRIEZE OF THE TEMPLE AT TELL EL OBEID, SHOWN IN POSITION ON THE FAÇADE IN THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



THE OLDEST METAL STATUE KNOWN BY MORE THAN 1000 YEARS: A COPPER BULL FROM THE TELL EL OBEID TEMPLE.



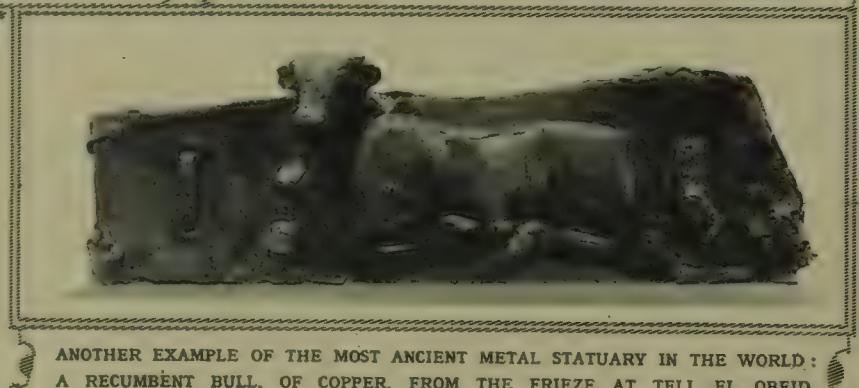
PART OF THE INLAY FRIEZE ON THE TEMPLE OF THE FOURTH MILLENNIUM B.C. AT TELL EL OBEID: A PROCESSION OF CATTLE.



MOUNTED ON NEW CORES, BUT OTHERWISE PRESERVED AS THEY WERE FOUND: PARTS OF ONE OF THE MOSAIC COLUMNS, AS SHOWN IN THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



FORMING PART OF THE TOP FRIEZE OF THE TEMPLE AS SEEN IN THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING: THREE FIGURES OF BIRDS IN INLAY WORK.



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE MOST ANCIENT METAL STATUARY IN THE WORLD: A RECUMBENT BULL, OF COPPER, FROM THE FRIEZE AT TELL EL OBEID.

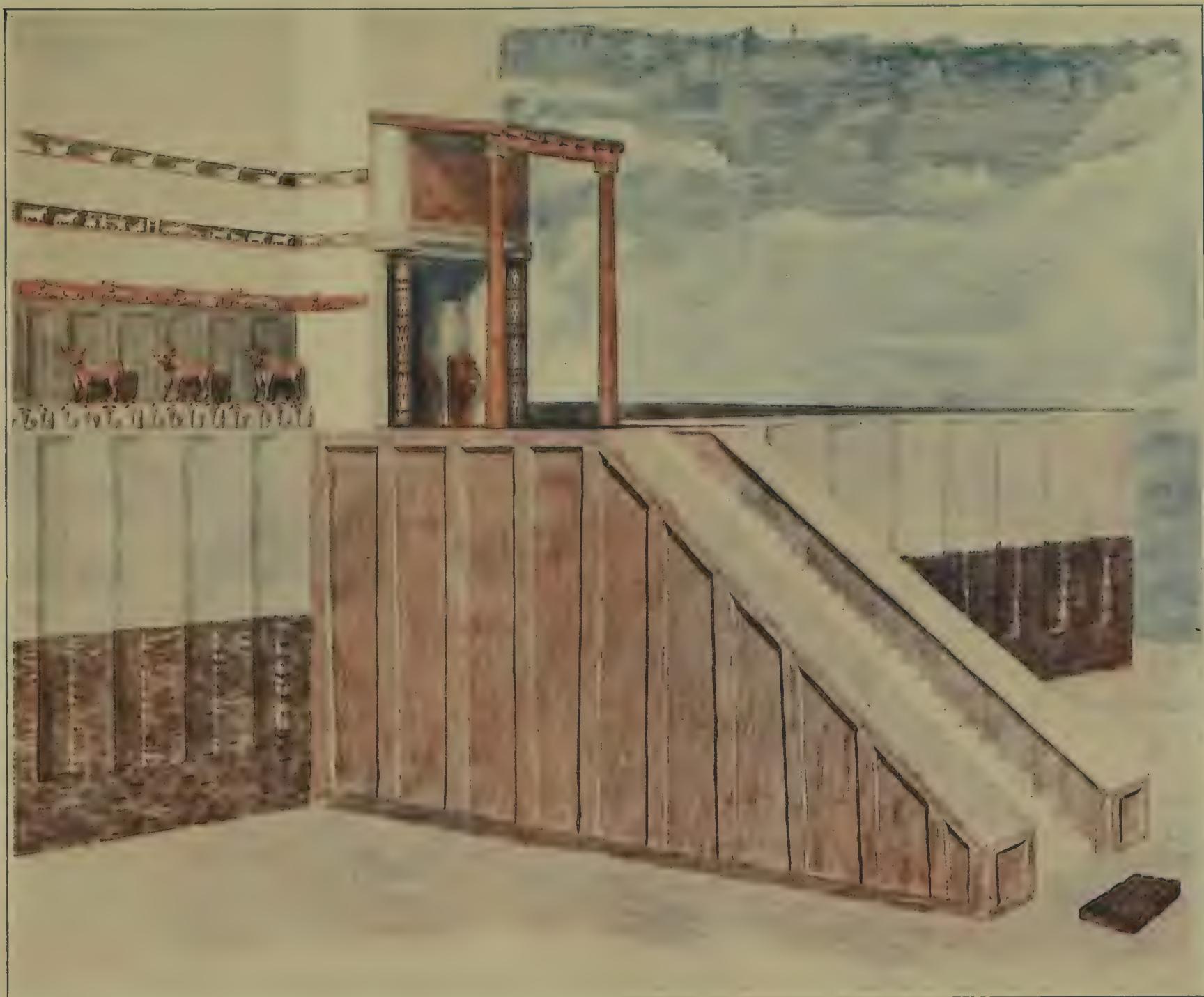
In our issue of April 18, we illustrated the latest discoveries at Ur made by the joint expedition of the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia to Mesopotamia, under Mr. C. Leonard Woolley. Here we give his last results on a neighbouring site, which he describes as follows: "The little temple at Tell el Obeid, of which the entrance and part of the façade are shown in the coloured drawing published here, does not really exist; in fact, of the building proper not a single brick is to-day in its place, and even of the solid platform on which it stood the upper part has been overthrown by the hands of man or worn away by the winds and rains of many centuries. To attempt to reconstruct

the original appearance of a structure so hopelessly destroyed might well seem rash, fanciful, and unscientific. Yet I claim for the picture a very fair degree of truth. When the joint expedition excavated the site, which had already been discovered and partly dug by Dr. H. R. Hall, in 1919, the solid brick platform was found standing from two to twelve feet high, its buttressed wall made of kiln-burnt brick below and mud brick above. From the middle of its south-east face stretched out the mud-brick foundation of the staircase, with the lowest of its great stone treads still *in situ*; and under fifteen feet of débris on the left side of the staircase there lay a mass of remarkable objects which clearly had formed the mural decoration of

[Continued opposite]

BUILT BEFORE THE PHARAOHS: A BABYLONIAN TEMPLE RECONSTRUCTED.

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SUPPLIED BY MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, TO MESOPOTAMIA.



SHOWING THE GREAT COPPER RELIEF OVER THE DOOR, THE MOSAIC PILLARS, AND THE PROBABLE POSITION OF THE ANIMAL FIGURES AND FRIEZES ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE TEMPLE AT TELL EL OBEID.

Continued from preceding page.

the fallen shrine. On the other side of the staircase Dr Hall had found another hoard of architectural remains similar to, though by no means identical with, what we discovered this season. . . . Of Dr. Hall's hoard the most important pieces were—the heads and fore-parts of four lions made of copper with inlaid eyes and teeth and tongues; fragments of a great copper relief, showing an eagle grasping two stags; of smaller lion and panther heads; of two bulls in the round; of mosaic columns; of wooden column and beams overlaid with copper; and parts of two limestone statues. On the other side of the stairs we found four copper bulls in the round, of which two could be preserved, two complete mosaic columns, fragments of wooden columns and beams overlaid with copper, twelve more or less complete copper reliefs of cattle and the heads of two more, pieces of a mosaic frieze representing pastoral scenes, pieces of another mosaic frieze of birds, a quantity of artificial flowers, a carved stone well-head (?), and the inscribed foundation-stone of the temple. Of these, the reliefs had clearly formed a frieze on the face of the wall, for they were found still fixed to the fallen masses of brick-work by copper hold-fasts; and the same was true of the mosaic friezes. By tracing out carefully the line of fall of the brick masses, the angle at which the objects lay and their distance from the wall, it was not difficult to decide their relative positions on the wall face; only the exact intervals that separated them were a matter of conjecture. It was also certain that they adorned the temple itself and not the platform. A calculation based on the main stairs, and on a second flight on the S.W. side, gave fifteen feet as the approximate height of the platform; and along the top of this, at the foot of the temple wall, there must have run a narrow ledge whereon stood the statues of bulls. Probably this ledge was a double one, and on its lower step were placed the artificial flowers, so that the bulls seemed to walk in a flowery meadow. Certainly the flowers did stand upright and free, and were not, as at first we supposed, rosettes with their long stems embedded in the wall, and only their heads showing. The stone staircase must have led, one supposes, to the temple door, and the objects found on the right of the stairs include just such as best fit the decoration of a door, namely, the fore-parts of lions—which, by

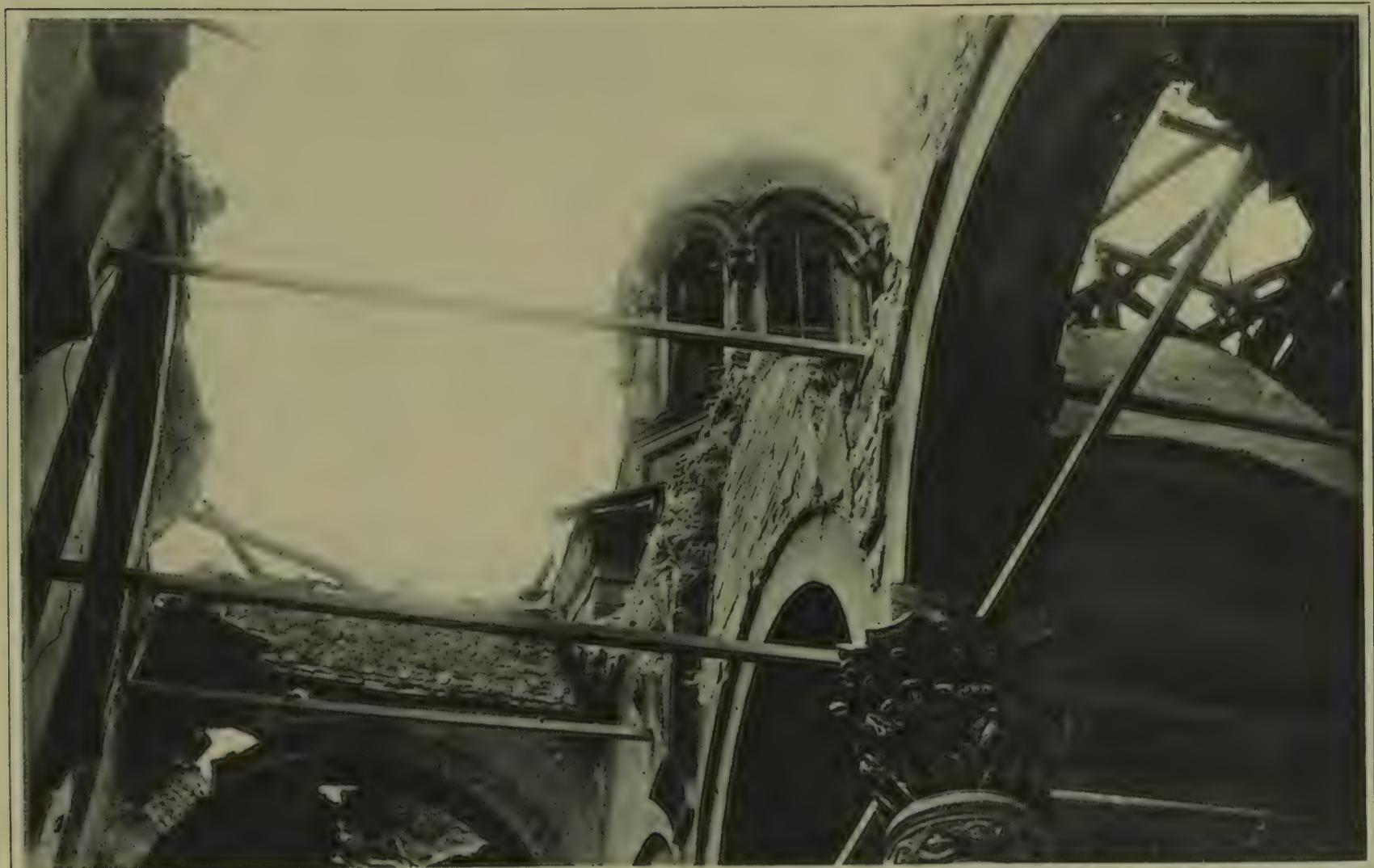
analogy with later buildings, we can safely put flanking the entrance in the reveals of the door-jambs—and the great relief, which almost certainly came from above a lintel. The way in which things had fallen down from above, together with the measurements of the things themselves, justified the restoration of a projecting gate-tower with an open porch in front of it, the latter having its columns and roofing-timbers of palm-logs overlaid with sheets of copper, the door of the gate-tower flanked by mosaic columns supporting the great copper relief. The lack on the right-hand side of the stairs of such elements of mural decoration as were common on the other side showed that the temple façade did not extend much, if at all, beyond the doorway. The balustrade wall of the stairs was at first a puzzle: the white-washed floor stretched up to it and ended in a straight line, but the mud brick was of the roughest description, and had no finished face. It must, therefore, have had some kind of covering now wholly vanished. The discovery all along its face of quantities of small copper nails was tolerably sure proof that this covering was of wood, probably panelled like the main wall, where the brick panelling goes back to a wood original. . . . What makes this temple and everything found in connection with it of quite extraordinary interest is its great age. From the foundation-tablet we learn that it was built in honour of the goddess Nin-Khursag by A-an-ni-pad-da, who was the second king of the First Dynasty of Ur, a dynasty which, until this material proof of its existence came to light, was commonly regarded as mythical. It is too early to fix the king's actual date, for the Babylonian lists of dynasties are not free from error, and other evidence is yet to seek; but his reign certainly falls well within the fourth millennium B.C., and the most conservative estimate would assign to our temple an antiquity of some five thousand four hundred years. But where we should have expected barbarism we find civilisation far advanced, with achievements in architecture and in sculpture of no mean order; and we are fortunate indeed if we can see that sculpture in its proper setting, and recover, with all its lavish use of ornament and colour, the architecture of a building put up before ever a king reigned over Egypt." On the opposite page we illustrate some of the most interesting sculptures found at Tell el Obeid.

PICTURESQUE FRANCE ANAGLYPHIC: HIVER SOUS LES PYRENEES IN RELIEF.



THE REQUIEM SERVICE BOMB OUTRAGE IN SOFIA: THE DAMAGED CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "TIMES."



1. AN OUTRAGE TO WHICH THE MURDER OF GENERAL GEORGHIEFF WAS A PLANNED PRELUDE: THE ROOF OF THE SVETA NEDELIA CATHEDRAL, SOFIA, BLOWN AWAY.

2. A COMMUNIST BOMB EXPLOSION THAT COST 140 LIVES, BUT FAILED IN ITS OBJECT—THE KILLING OF THE GOVERNMENT: THE DAMAGE DONE TO THE CATHEDRAL—AN EXTERIOR VIEW, GIVING AN IDEA OF THE EXTENT OF THE WRECKAGE.

A tremendous bomb explosion took place at 3.30 in the afternoon of April 16 in the Sveta Nedelia Cathedral, Sofia, during the requiem service for the Government Deputy, General Constantine Georgieff, who was assassinated in the street on Tuesday, the 14th. The "Times" correspondent at Sofia states that the outrage was the outcome of a Communist determination to blow up the cathedral on an occasion on which all the Government would be congregated

in it; and that General Georgieff was murdered in order that the "occasion" might be made, as, in his case, there was certain to be a state funeral. All the Ministers present escaped injury; but a terrible casualty list is reported—140 persons, including 20 women and 10 children, killed. A great part of the building, especially the roof, was seriously damaged. The Bulgarian Government declares that it has control of the situation, and arrests have been made.

LAW—AND OTHER MATTERS: LONDON IN THE THIRTEEN-HUNDREDS.

"LONDON LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY." By CHARLES PENDRILL.*

"IT is said that China possesses the most perfect code of laws in the world, the only trouble being that they are never carried out, and this was largely true of mediæval London." Yet serious crime was by no means without its drastic punishment or misdemeanour without its retaliatory fining, pillorying, or imprisonment. Even in civic matters it was so. For example, "Every householder was responsible for the cleanliness of that part of the street abutting on his home, and if it were found dirty or covered with refuse, the beadle could fine him fourpence. If he brought out his household rubbish and placed it in the street before the cart which took it outside the city and dumped it at the places appointed was ready to remove it, he could be fined two shillings; but if he placed it in front of a neighbour's premises, the fine was increased to four shillings." For all that, the streets and the river were filthy, and many people wore pattens, or wooden clogs supported on circles of iron, to raise them above the deep mud: the Guild of Patternmakers is mentioned in 1379!

Other troubles, troubles more exasperating, were the cut-purses who knifed through the strap of the hanging pouch; confidence tricksters; burglars tempted by the floating capital of the wealthy man who, for want of banking as we know it, kept his ready cash in a locked chest in his bed-room; measures with thickened bottoms; bad goods substituted for fresh; pitching the tale and ringing the changes; robbery by gaming; quackery; forgery of deeds and of Papal Bulls and letters of dispensation; and, of course, murder.

Then there was the strange case of the Holy Man—of the fifteenth century, but, doubtless, a tradition. "It should be observed that from early Christian times it was a popular belief among Roman Catholics that the corpse of a very holy man would emit a delightful aroma as of spice. . . . In the year 1440 a priest who by his preaching had become very popular in London was burnt for heresy on Tower Hill, and crowds of the common people, regarding him as a martyr unjustly executed, came to the spot where he had suffered, carrying waxen images in his honour, and, bending on their knees, devoutly kissed the ground. At the same time they contributed small sums by way of alms to the neighbouring church of Allhallows Barking. The vicar of that church, his worst feelings of cupidity aroused by this new and unexpected source of income, and in order to increase its flow while opportunity served, secretly mixed a quantity of ashes and spice overnight and strewed it upon the sacred spot in readiness for the next day's crowd of visitors. By means of this 'sweet odour of sanctity' the holiness of the deceased became only too famous, and, reaching the ears of authority, the vicar soon found himself in prison minus his benefice."

But mighty power rested with the Church. Think of three things—Sanctuary; Benefit of Clergy; and Cursing with Bell, Book, and Candle—Excommunication.

Sanctuary: "In spite of the severity of the laws in the Middle Ages, when hanging was the regular punishment even for offences which would to-day be considered quite minor ones, or perhaps because of this severity, evasion of the penalty was not at all impossible, at any rate on the part of a man of determination. . . . The most obvious thing to do was to take sanctuary in the nearest church immediately after the commission of the

crime, a manœuvre not so very difficult when one considers that in the small area of the city there were more than a hundred churches. Here the fugitive could remain under the protection of the Church for forty days, during which period his safety was inviolable, and any attempt to remove him by force led to serious trouble for the 'perpetrator. . . . During his forty days' seclusion the fugitive was fed by the officials of the Church, and could at any time send for the coroner and announce his intention of abjuring the realm. If he so decided he was deprived of all his possessions—money, arms, and clothing—except his shirt and breeches, and sometimes a jacket. He was assigned a particular port at which to embark, the road he was to take, the time he was to occupy on the journey, and the places where he was to stop each night. He then had to swear to keep to the direct road, not to remain at

not entirely illiterate. This was 'benefit of clergy,' and to obtain it there was no necessity for him to prove that he was in Holy Orders, but merely that he was a 'clerk,' or, in other words, that he could read and write. A church official known as the 'ordinary' was then sent for to examine him, to whom he read out a verse from the New Testament, which, from its potency in saving necks from the hangman, became known in popular parlance as the 'neck-verse.' If he passed this test successfully, he was handed over to the Church for punishment, when, although he might have to spend a protracted period in doing penance, or might even be branded on the hand, his life at any rate was safe."

As to the Cursing by Bell, Book, and Candle, it was in this wise: "The priest, ascending the pulpit with lighted candle in hand, pronounced a curse, of which the following is a specimen: 'By the authority of

the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost and of Our Lady Saint Mary God's Mother of Heaven, and all other Virgins, and St. Michael and all other Apostles, and St. Stephen and all other martyrs, and St. Nicholas and all other confessors, and of all the Holy Saints of Heaven; we accuse and warn and depart from all good deeds and prayers of Holy Church, and of all these saints, and damn into the pain of Hell all those that have done these articles beforesaid, till they come to amendment; we accuse them by the authority of the court of Rome, within and without, sleeping or waking, going and sitting, standing and riding, lying above earth and under earth, speaking and crying and drinking; in wood, in water, in field, in town; curse them Father and Son and Holy Ghost; curse them Angels and Archangels and all the nine orders of Heaven; curse them Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles, and all God's disciples and all Holy Innocents, Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins, monks, cannons, hermits, priests and clerks, that they have no part in Mass nor Matins nor of no other good prayers, that be done in Holy Church or in any other places, but that the pains of Hell be their mead with Judas that betrayed our Lord Jesu Christ; and the life of them be put out of the Book of Life till they come to amendment and satisfaction. Amen.' After reciting this, the priest dashed down his candle, spat on the ground, while at the same time the bells commenced to toll as at a funeral."

After this, what is to be said of such mild punishments as minor mutilations, the pillory, penitential journeys with head, legs, and feet bare, withdrawal of the Freedom of the City, an ignominious ride on a hurdle, standing with condemned food hung about the neck and burnt at the feet, paying damage for slander and libel in tuns of wine?

There we leave a most intriguing book, having quoted from but one of its numerous phases. There is much else that is quaint and curious, and would you know such things as the derivation of "stationer" from those who sold their wares at stations, or stalls, in Chepe; that tonnage came to be used in respect of the capacity of ships because wine was perhaps the largest of all imports brought into this country, and was in tuns—so much tunnage to each ship according to the size of the hold; that the grocer was one who "engrossed," or bought wholesale; that the paternoster made rosaries; that "Merchant Tailors were known originally as 'Tailors and Linen Armourers,' the latter department of their trade being a thriving one, as linen armour was universally worn by archers and light-armed troops"; and so on and so on—then you must read.

E. H. G.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S NEW PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT: THE GOVERT FLINCK
PRESENTED BY MR. A. H. BUTTERY.

The portrait of Rembrandt which Mr. A. H. Buttery has presented to the National Gallery is by the famous artist's pupil, Govert Flinck, and is signed and dated 1639, some three years after Flinck had left Rembrandt's studio. Rembrandt is represented in his thirty-fourth year, one year younger than in his "self-portrait," which also hangs in the National Gallery (No. 672), and is dated 1640. Both pictures are now in Room X.

any place for more than a night, and not to return during the King's lifetime. He had to carry a cross to indicate that he was under the protection of the Church." Such arrangements the secular arm stiffened at times by pronouncing sentence of outlawry—"Which judgment is this, that when on account of a felony anyone has been ordered by solemn cry to come to the King's peace in three successive county courts, and he does not come, then he shall be accounted a wolf, and 'Wolfshead!' shall be cried against him, for that a wolf is a beast hated of all folk; and from that time forward it is lawful for anyone to slay him like a wolf. And there was a custom to bring the heads to the chief place in the county or the franchise, and one received 10 marks from the county for heads of every outlaw or wolf."

Benefit of Clergy: "If . . . every trick failed and the prisoner was actually brought into court, he still had a shot in his locker, providing he was

WITTY AND SUBTLE: THE LATEST MAX BEERBOHM CARICATURES.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, AND OF THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



1. "DEEP BUT DUBIOUS IMPRESSION MADE ON PARISIAN STATESMEN BY MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN IN PARIS."

"Ce n'est pas une toilette d'homme d'État sérieux, voyons l'"—
"Il ressemble à un 'Gentleman' du dix-huitième siècle."—
"Il fait croire aux Incroyables du dix-neuvième."—"L'amant, sans doute, d'une Duchesse!"—"Un jeune homme qui devrait se ranger!"—"A bas ce frère de Boni de Castellane!"

2. "SWEET FANCIES AND HARD FACTS, OR, THE TRAGEDY OF OFFICE (JUNE 1924)."

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald: 'Somehow, I never noticed these things at the end of my garden.'"

The latest exhibition of caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm opened this week at the Leicester Galleries, and is rousing the great interest that a show of this famous caricaturist's work always does. Needless to say, "Max" is as trenchant, as

3. "OUR ABBEY (JULY 1924)."

"Lord Byron (to the Dean of Westminster): 'Mr. Dean, you're a man of sense and pluck. You've defied all England, just as I did; and you've saved me from the company of that damned old noodle, Mr. Wordsworth.'"

4. "THE YOUNG AND THE OLD SELF": MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

5. "MR. SHAW'S APOTHEOSIS IS ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE AGE"—A. B. W. IN THE "TIMES," JULY 9, 1924.

6. "THE OLD AND THE YOUNG SELF": MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.

"Young Self: 'What are they?'" "
"Old Self: 'Oh, applicants. Look here! Our names are the same—and the name's all they care about. Do take some off my hand!'"

7. LORD CECIL.

"In public and in private life as admirable as all Cecils are apt to be!"

8. "THE OLD AND THE YOUNG SELF": MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

"The Young Self: 'Prime Minister? You? Good Lord!'"

witty, and as subtle as ever. "The Old and the Young Self" series is of peculiar moment; and in this connection our readers will be glad to know that a selection from the set is being published in colours in the "Sketch" week by week.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS FROM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERRY-PASTOREL AND ALINARI BROTHERS, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FREDERICO HALBHERR; BY SPORT AND GENERAL; AND BY PHOTOPRESS.



UNVEILED ON THE VICTOR EMMANUEL II. MONUMENT, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF ROME: THE "DEA ROMA."

SHOWING, IN THE CENTRE OF THE BASE, THE PLASTER MODEL WHICH HAS BEEN REPLACED BY THE NEW ANGELO ZANELLI STATUE OF THE "DEA ROMA": THE VICTOR EMMANUEL II. MONUMENT, ON THE NORTH SLOPE OF THE CAPITOL, IN ROME.



THE H.A.C.'S COMPANY OF PIKEMEN FOR CEREMONIAL OCCASIONS: A DRUM-BEATER (MR. P. S. AYERS, M.C.).



LIKE THE OTHERS OF THE COMPANY, IN CHARLES I. ARMOUR AND UNIFORM: A SERGEANT (MR. G. H. LOVEGROVE).



WITH THE PIKE OF THE "POSTURES": A LIEUTENANT (MAJOR P. FORRESTER, M.C.).



READY TO MARCH TO THE OLD ENGLISH MARCH OF THE FOOT: A PIKEMAN (CAPTAIN P. F. KNIGHTLEY, D.S.O.).



WINNERS OF A GREAT MATCH: N. M. FORD AND A. C. RAPHAEL, OF HARROW, IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL.



SAVING ORCHARDS FROM PLAGUES OF INSECTS: FRUIT-TREES IN KENT SPRAYED WITH A SOLUTION OF LIME—A PHOTOGRAPH THAT SUGGESTS A MID-WINTER SCENE.



RUNNERS-UP IN A GREAT MATCH: C. J. CHILD AND T. A. PILKINGTON, OF ETON, IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP.

On April 21, the anniversary of the foundation of Rome (*Natale di Roma*), the plaster figure in the centre of the base of the Victor Emmanuel II. Monument was replaced by the Botticino stone statue which is the first illustration on this page. This work, which is in the archaic style, is by Professor Angelo Zanelli. It is 19½ ft. from feet to crest of helm, and weighs forty tons.—The Honourable Artillery Company has formed, for ceremonial occasions, a Company of Pikemen wearing the full armour and dress of the time of Charles I. This

Company is likely to be seen for the first time at the Regimental Sports in July, and will then, no doubt, give perfectly the Postures of the Pike. The old English March of the Foot, which will be used by the Drum-beaters, was of great antiquity even in the days of Queen Elizabeth.—The final of the fifty-fourth Competition for the Public Schools Rackets Championship produced a remarkably fine game between Harrow and Eton, and proof of this was seen in the uneven run of the games.

BATHURST; DAMASCUS; SOFIA: DEMONSTRATIONS OF VARIED CHARACTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



FLOCKING TO WELCOME THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS ARRIVAL IN WEST AFRICA: THE SCENE ON THE FORESHORE AT BATHURST, THE CAPITAL OF GAMBIA, WHEN HE LANDED.

ONE OF HIS FIRST EXPERIENCES IN WEST AFRICA: THE PRINCE (STANDING THIRD FROM LEFT IN FRONT, WITH FOLDED ARMS) LISTENING TO A NATIVE BAND AT BATHURST.



THE HOSTILE ARAB DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE PRESENCE OF LORD BALFOUR IN DAMASCUS: THE SCENE IN EL MARGI SQUARE DURING THE FIGHT BETWEEN LEBANESE GENDARMERIE AND THE MOB ATTEMPTING TO REACH LORD BALFOUR'S HOTEL.



LOYAL BULGARIANS DEMONSTRATING THEIR JOY AT THE KING'S ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION: A PROCESSION PASSING THE PALACE; SHOWING KING BORIS AND HIS SUITE ON THE BALCONY.



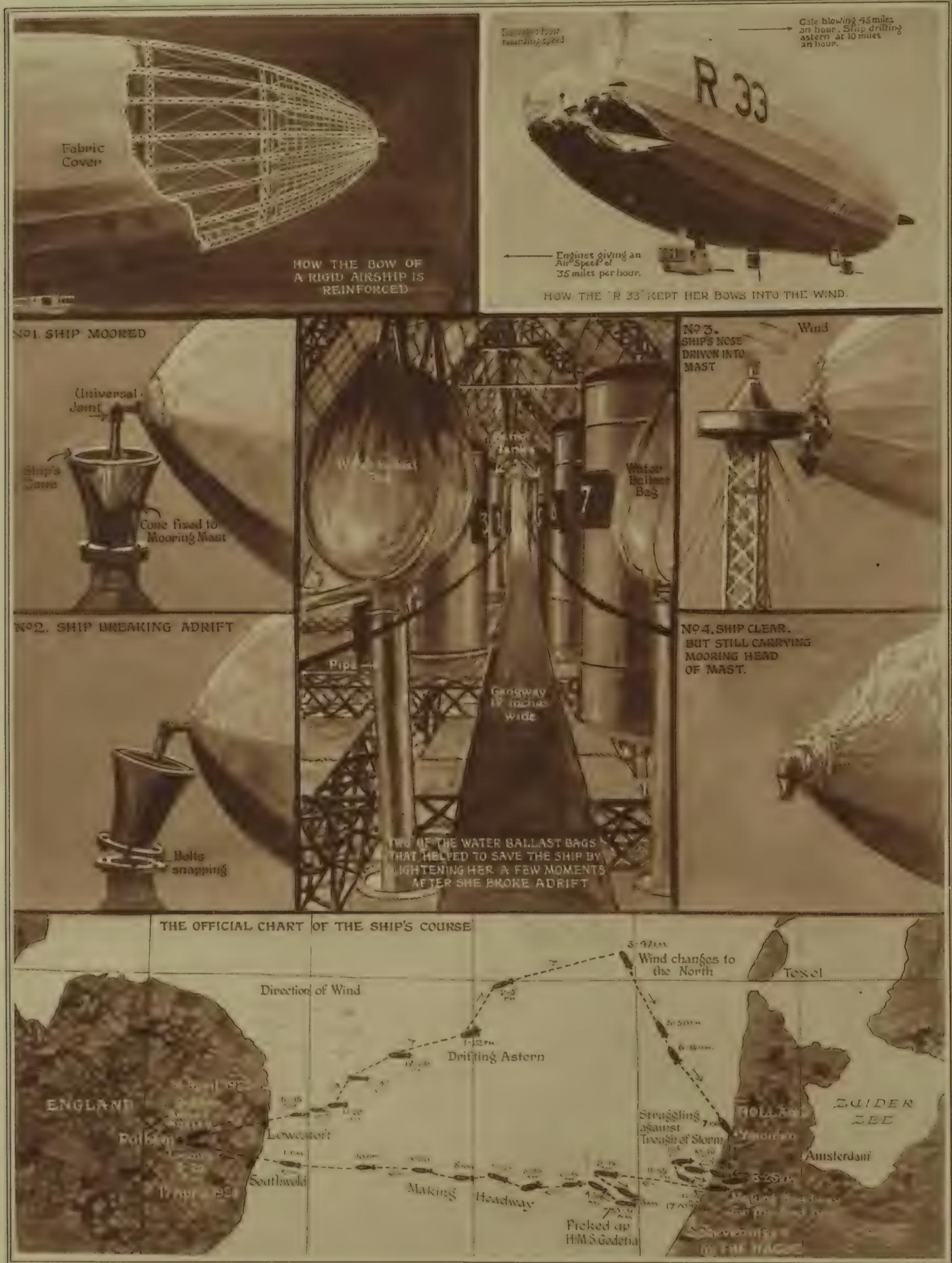
RECEIVING THE BULGARIAN PREMIER'S CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION: KING BORIS (IN UNIFORM) SHAKING HANDS WITH PROFESSOR TSANKOFF.

The Prince of Wales spent his first day in West Africa on April 4, when he landed at Bathurst, the capital of Gambia—the smallest but oldest British African settlement. The "Repulse" had anchored several miles from the coast, and the Prince went ashore in a river steamer. He was greeted by the people with great shouts of welcome, and received addresses from the Governor, Captain Armitage, and from the French colony. Chiefs of the Protectorate paid homage as they filed past in procession, offering gifts, and a native band sang songs to their quaint instruments.—Lord Balfour's visit to Damascus, which was merely a pleasure trip after his successful mission in Palestine, unexpectedly provoked violent hostility among the Arabs there. He arrived on April 8, and crowds

stoned his hotel. On the next day General Sarrail had to call out troops to assist the gendarmes to disperse the mob in El Margi Square. The Spahis drove the mob into the side streets, and, meanwhile, by a stratagem, General Sarrail enabled Lord Balfour and his party to drive away unnoticed in two motor-cars, in which they safely reached Beirut. Thence they sailed, in the "Sphinx," for Alexandria.—On the day following the attempt (on April 14) to assassinate King Boris of Bulgaria, who showed much courage and resource in the emergency, there was a great demonstration of loyalty in Sofia, and a military parade. Over 30,000 people marched through the Palace grounds and cheered the King. On the next day (the 16th) occurred the great explosion in Sofia Cathedral.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF "R 33": TECHNICALITIES; AN OFFICIAL CHART.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, AT PULHAM AIR STATION, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HOW "R 33" BROKE FROM THE MOORING-MAST: STRUCTURAL DETAILS: AND AN OFFICIAL CHART OF HER FLIGHT

"R 33," whose great adventure is described in our double-page illustration, carried away, and retained throughout the flight, the heavy cone that snapped from the top of the mooring-mast. Her bows crashed on to the mast, and the rent thus caused was increased by stress of weather. The damage would have been still greater but for the special reinforcing girdering (shown in the top left diagram) that is now built into the nose of every modern British airship. Just after the breakaway she was saved from collision with a wind-screen by throwing out water-ballast—1 ton aft and $\frac{1}{2}$ ton, forward. The water is contained in large canvas bags, and is discharged through canvas pipes below. The bags are slung on either side of the narrow central gangway. Some of the petrol-tanks, of a

type known as "slipping tanks," can be dropped overboard bodily to lighten the craft in a sudden emergency. All the way across the North Sea the airship was blown stern-first. The engines were kept going in order not to lose steerage way, otherwise she might have drifted for hundreds of miles over Russia. The wind dropped when she was over Holland, and she returned nose-first, but could not risk a greater speed than 35 m.p.h. in her damaged condition. The zig-zags on the chart as she left Holland indicate temporary increases of wind that drove her back. It was wonderful that she could return at all, considering the unprecedented strains and stresses to which she was subjected. The adventure has demonstrated the great strength of her construction.

"R 33" RETURNS TRIUMPHANT: THE DAMAGED AIRSHIP SAFE IN PORT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WITH HER NOSE BADLY DAMAGED WHEN SHE BROKE AWAY FROM THE MOORING-MAST: THE RETURN OF "R 33"—
THE CRIPPLED AIRSHIP BEING DRAWN TOWARDS HER HANGAR AT PULHAM BY 300 LOCAL PEOPLE.



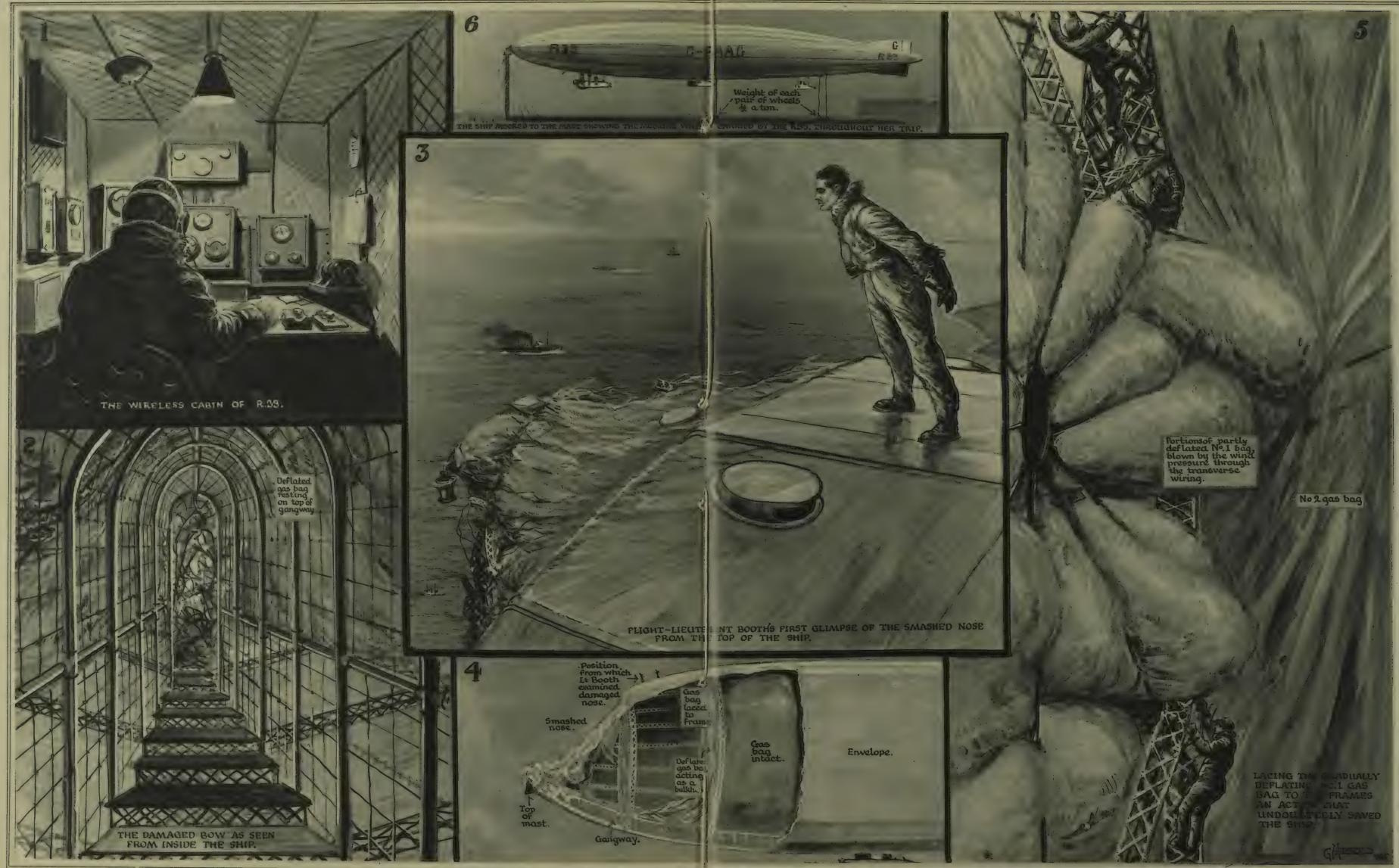
STILL CARRYING THE HEAVY METAL CONE (THE VASE-SHAPED OBJECT NEAR THE TOP CENTRE) WHICH SNAPPED FROM THE MOORING-MAST
WHEN SHE BROKE AWAY: THE BATTERED NOSE OF "R 33" ON HER RETURN TO PULHAM.

The damage to the nose of "R 33" was caused (as noted under our double-page drawing) by its crashing on to the mooring-mast at the moment of her breaking away. The metal cone at the top of the mast (shown in diagram on page 739) snapped off, and remained adhering to the airship's bows throughout her thirty hours' flight. She broke away at 9.50 a.m. on April 16, and arrived back at Pulham at 3.20 p.m. on the 17th. By 3.50 p.m. she was safely housed in the hangar. The staff at Pulham were up all night, and the landing party, consisting of 300 local volunteers, remained till 5 a.m. on the 17th and re-assembled at 1.30 p.m. "When the airship hove in sight," writes Major C. C. Turner, "it was apparent to all that the damage to her nose was much

more serious than had been supposed. The nose was flattened, and a mass of broken duralumin framework was exposed, the fabric in rents and flapping. The reason of her limited speed was obvious. . . . The landing of the damaged ship was executed very smartly in difficult conditions, her speed being nicely brought down to that of the opposing wind, and her buoyancy delicately regulated, so that she was in perfect equilibrium when the landing party handled her." The safe return of the airship reflects the highest credit on the officer in command, Flight-Lieutenant R. S. Booth, R.A.F., and the maintenance crew of nineteen who happened to be aboard when the ship broke adrift. Portraits of the commander and some of the crew appear on page 748.

A "SPLendid Achievement" OF BRITISH AIRMANSHIP: HEROES OF "R 33" AND THE PERILS THEY SURMOUNTED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, AT PILHAM AIR STATION, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION.



HEROISM AND ENDURANCE ON BOARD THE AIRSHIP "R33" DURING HER ENFORCED FLIGHT:

Thoroughly well deserved were the King's "hearty congratulations to Flight-Lieutenant Booth and his crew on their splendid achievement in skilfully handling 'R 33' in such exceptionally difficult and trying circumstances, and bringing her back safely to Pulham. I am sure," added his Majesty, "the Air Force will be proud of them, as I am." Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond said the flight was one of the most wonderful, if not the most wonderful, in the history of airships. It may be recalled that "R 33" broke from her mooring-mast at Pulham, in a gale, at 9.50 a.m. on April 16, and successfully returned, after being blown across the North Sea to Holland, at 3.20 p.m. on April 17. During the whole of this time—nearly thirty hours—the young wireless operator, S. T. Keeley, remained at his post (as shown in drawing No. 1 above), and never once removed his ear-phones. His feat of endurance was highly praised. No S.O.S. call was sent out, and he was chiefly engaged in receiving weather reports and instructions from the Air authorities as to the course to be steered. Only about half the normal crew were on board when the airship went adrift. Flight-Lieutenant R. S. Booth, the First Officer, who took command, had with him

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS OVERCOME AFTER SHE WAS BLOWN FROM HER MOORING-MAST.

Flight-Sergeant G. W. Hunt and eighteen men. Drawing No. 2 shows an interior view of the gangway leading up to the bows, and the damage as seen from within. Soon after the start, Flight-Lieutenant Booth and Flight-Sergeant Hunt climbed up the communication ladder and walked along the top of the ship to inspect the damage, as shown in No. 3. No. 4 shows the first gas-bag, which had been punctured, deflating itself and gradually collapsing. This constituted the greatest danger, for, if its fall had not been stopped, the next gas-bag would have been exposed to the weather, and would also have been deflated, with fatal results. At great risk, four men, under Flight-Sergeant Hunt, climbed up the narrow girding (as shown in No. 5) and performed the very difficult task of lacing the first gas-bag to the top portions of the framework. It thus formed a screen or bulkhead protecting the second gasbag, and this saved the ship and the lives of the crew. No. 6 shows the airship with the heavy mooring-wheels—each pair weighing half a ton—suspended below. They were retained throughout as extra ballast to replace the water ballast dropped at the start to avoid collision with a wind-screed. [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE Call of the Wild has no finer interpreter than Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, whose stories of the forest folk, beast and human, have a place by themselves, and that a place of the highest, among the classics of animated nature. He has just increased the debt we owe to him by yet another exquisite romance in which men and women and so-called "dumb" creatures (but for Mr. Roberts no living thing is inarticulate) play out a wonderfully intense and moving little drama of life and love and death and "all the riddle of the painful earth." That riddle he knows to be insoluble, but he tempers the harshness of "Nature red in tooth and claw" with a sympathy and understanding that bridges in great measure the apparent gulf between man and beast; and here he elaborates once more a familiar theme, the intimate kinship that may grow up between a rightly gifted human being and "the folk of the ancient wood."

Mowgli knew the secret, and if the sceptic would rule his case out as mere ingenious fiction, Henry David Thoreau comes to the rescue with actual observations of wild life—scarcely jungle life, it is true, but still approximating to the primitive. He knew, too, how the men of the wilds came to an exceptional intimacy with nature. "Fishermen, hunters, wood-choppers, and others," he says, "spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favourable mood for observing her, in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets, even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them." Thoreau confessed that he liked sometimes "to take rank hold on life and spend his day more as the animals do."

Mr. Roberts's new book, "THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD" (Dent; 6s.), is the story of a little girl, Miranda, brought up in a lonely clearing on the edge of the forest. She was a child of strange, quick, natural sympathies inherited from her artist father and her mother, Kirstie, a woman of the Settlements, but an unusual type among the frontier people—"a black-haired, sphinx-faced creature, stately and sombre." One day when Miranda was a year old, Kirstie's husband disappeared for ever, and the malicious gossip of the Settlement at length drove mother and child away to lead a solitary but prosperous life on the distant clearing where Kirstie farmed the land. There little Miranda grew up with Nature, sharp of eye and ear, and sympathetic with all the living creatures of the wild. With Kroof, the old black she-bear, she formed a perfect comradeship. Kroof saved her from the clutches of a panther, and that gentleman took warning, and told his spouse that the child was to be respected. Thereupon the word went out among the forest folk that Miranda was not to be harmed. As Miranda grew up, her intimacies widened, and she numbered among her friends Tan-ji the caribou, and Wapiti the buck, and even the great bull-moose would stretch toward her his long flexible snout and come obedient to her hand even in the calling season. And to all the lesser tribes of "the furtive folk" Miranda was a sister.

In their remote dwelling, mother and daughter had but few visitors. Old Uncle Dave Titus, the lumber-man, brought them what they required from the Settlement and marketed their farm produce; and in time his son, young Dave, the trapper, after a long period of absence, returned to find Miranda almost grown to womanhood. Then begins an exquisite idyll of the forest. Miranda loathed the trapper's trade, but Dave, knowing her alliance with the living creatures of her own neighbourhood, had hunted only on the other side of the divide. The great simple fellow had subtlety enough not to press his wooing, which becomes, in Mr. Roberts's hands, a marvellous spiritual duel.

It would destroy the reader's enjoyment to tell the rest of the story here, but it may heighten the pleasure of any who care to take the trouble, to compare with it the twelfth chapter of Thoreau's "Walden," which states, in philosophic form, questions which Mr. Roberts has clothed in romance: the right or wrong of animal food as against a vegetarian diet, and the propriety of man's taking any life at all, whether for gain or sustenance. The author weighs his problem in a most delicate balance, and with great ingenuity brings down the scale on the side that will be satisfactory to all but blindly bigoted humanitarians; but even these may be persuaded by Mr. Roberts's poignant sixteenth chapter, entitled "Death for a Little Life."

The book is admirably illustrated by Miss Dorothy Burroughes, whose studies of animals have frequently enriched the pages of this journal. It is difficult, where all are so good, to single out any particular drawing for special praise, but perhaps the frontispiece, of the crouching panther, and the magnificent head and shoulders of the bull-moose, seen against the moonlight on the lake shore, are pre-eminent alike for truthful draughtsmanship and decorative effect.

As a not inappropriate, although very homely, offset to this tale of the West, which touches incidentally on

lumber camps and lumber-men, I have been reading, with great interest and amusement, the lumber-jack's epic, an important contribution to American folk-lore. This book, which has been sent to this office all the way from Seattle, Wash., by the McNeil Press, is entitled "PAUL BUNYAN." Paul is the mythical hero of the woods, a kind of super lumber-jack, about whose fame has grown up a huge body of stories as tall as the fabulous trees he cuts down. The legends have been collected by Mrs. Esther Shephard, who tells us that the oldest of them probably dates back as far as 1860. They seem to have been at their height in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Possibly they are descended from myths current in the 'thirties and 'forties. Opinion is divided as to whether they originated in Quebec or Northern Ontario, or across the border in Michigan or Wisconsin. One would like to know if any ancestors of these yarns found a place in President Lincoln's famous repertoire. This is a point that research may yet elucidate.

Paul was big from the beginning, "a pretty husky baby," and, if all stories are true, a Maine baby at that. When he was only three weeks old, "he rolled around so much in his sleep that he knocked down four square miles of standin' timber and the Government got after his folks and told them they'd have to move him away." The

opened his Sunday paper, he was horrified to see a twenty-year-old portrait of himself, together with an article under the astounding headlines: "Was Homer Illiterate? Noted Educator Hints Blind Poet Could Neither Read Nor Write." Followed an absurd and ignorant rigmarole attributed to the Professor. But worse was to come. Next week he read aghast the headlines of a further article, alleged to be by himself: "Noted Professor Pries Lid Off Sappho's Home Life. Scandal In Main Street, Lesbos."

Several important works, both French and English, on Homeric problems have recently appeared, but as none of them have found their way to this office for review, I have to be content with the foregoing priceless contributions to the subject. They will be found in Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's extravaganza, "PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU?" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Only a small part of the book is concerned with the blind old man of Scio or the lady of Lesbos, and the novel is, therefore, safe and hugely entertaining fare for the million, to whom I commend Mr. Wilson's glorious fun.

The world of thought and the world of action meet most happily in the reminiscences of a scholar who, at forty, gave up his Fellowship of New College, and exchanged the academic peace of Oxford for the bustle of Fleet Street. Men do not usually make the great change at an age so discreet, and for the majority the experiment would be perilous, if not disastrous. But in the case of Mr. W. L. Courtney, it has been entirely successful and fruitful alike to scholarship and journalism. In "THE PASSING HOUR" (Hutchinson; 18s.), Mr. Courtney reviews the many interests of a full and vivid life. Oxford past and present fills a large portion of the bill. He gives new glimpses of Jowett, who asked him to dinner, together with the late Mr. Forbes, of Balliol, before either of them was yet an undergraduate. On that occasion the guests (still schoolboys) were candidates for a Balliol scholarship, and the meal was rather an ordeal, especially as they had to face a paper in Greek iambics immediately after they rose from the table. Forbes, who felt happy and confident, was elected to the scholarship, and Mr. Courtney, declining an exhibition, went on from the Broad to the High, and won a scholarship at University College. In due course he took his two Firsts, and was elected to a Fellowship; first at Merton, and later at New College.

Reverting to Homer, let me quote an amusing anecdote of Mr. Courtney's in that connection. Once when he was lecturing on the *Odyssey* to a popular audience at Bath, he passed over the episodes dealing with Circe and Calypso, and made much of the domestic virtues of Penelope, "which," he says, "I thought, would please the married ladies of Bath. But I was hardly prepared for a young lady who summed up her impression of the lecture with the remark, 'I expect Ulysses went back to Calypso after a decent interval of home life.' I murmured something about Tennyson's sonnet, and did not attempt to carry on the conversation." That brisk dairman of 1873 must have been a forerunner of those daring young people, including poets and novelists, whose "scenes of unholy passion" Mr. Courtney, more in sorrow than in anger, censures in his chapter "The New Age." "Such writers," he remarks, "are not so much prodigies of ability as portents of a calamitous future."

It will not do, however, to give the impression that Mr. Courtney is entirely preoccupied with these more or less esoteric matters. His memories range over a very wide field—athletic, literary, dramatic, and social. His chapters on "Garrick Ghosts," and on Clement Scott, will awaken many emotions, both grave and gay, in playgoers of the older school. Coming very near home, Mr. Courtney writes of the *Daily Telegraph* in an essay of which the only fault is its extreme brevity.

One seldom indulges in croaking, especially on things literary, but in a day or two one is faced with a refutation. In two recent articles I took leave to be very sad about the unsatisfactoriness of sequels to novels, but I think Mr. Compton Mackenzie in "CORAL" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), has supplied what is almost, if not quite, a complete answer. Greatly daring, he has carried "Carnival" into the second generation, and, skilfully manipulating the old threads, has produced an entirely new and extraordinarily well-constructed story in which the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. By the strange chances of this mortal life, Coral, the daughter of Maurice Avery, meets and falls in love with Frank Abel (who was really Frank Trewella), the son of Jenny Raeburn and her murderer, the unclean fanatic, Zachary. Their passion had everything outwardly to discourage it, and the course of true love was as rough as the proverb could desire; but Mr. Mackenzie's artistry and craftsmanship are equal to a solution, and even a hopeful solution of what might seem at first a hopeless problem. Nor can he be accused of forcing his soul to a mere box-office ending.

result was that they made Paul a floating cradle, but the tidal waves he set up very nearly drowned out Maine, while Nova Scotia came pretty near becoming an island instead of a peninsula. Paul's vocation declared itself at seven months, when he sawed the legs off his Dad's bed one night without the old man's knowing it. "I'll bet," said his father, "that boy of ours is going to be a great logger some day." The greatness of Paul is the imperial theme of this collection, and second only to his fame is that of his Blue-Ox "Babe," whose finestfeat was the pulling straight of an incredibly crooked road.

There was also a Mrs. Paul Bunyan, a lady of Gargantuan proportions and superhuman resource, as became the helpmeet of such a lord. In this book, which has seen two editions since its publication in December last, is comprehended the whole art and mystery of the tall story. Paul's history is not mere idle fooling, but is used for the instruction of tenderfeet and the chastening of "smart Alecs"; as witness the case of the "college boy" who told the company at the camp fire that a certain legend of the Blue-Ox reminded him of Herakles and the Augean stable. Thereupon Old Brimstone Bill gave the classical scholar his opinion of his "Mr. Herik Lees," and told him a story about the Blue-Ox's stable and the cleansing thereof which handsomely outdid the older legend.

This trespass upon classical preserves puts me in mind of some further irreverent handling of Greek things. The latest novel of a genial humourist introduces the journalistic victimisation of a worthy Professor, who, in a rash moment, had entrusted his wife with some desultory notes on Homer and Sappho. These notes, written for the lady's private instruction, fell into the hands of an unscrupulous reporter, and when the Professor

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO"—NO. VIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



See Blinx—I am going to swallow
All these nuts

One—



Two—Three—four—five—six—



All gone—shells and all!



Now turn your head
and shut your eyes



Oh Bunda—you are wonderful!

BUNDA AS ILLUSIONIST AND CONJURER: THE NUT-SWALLOWING TRICK.

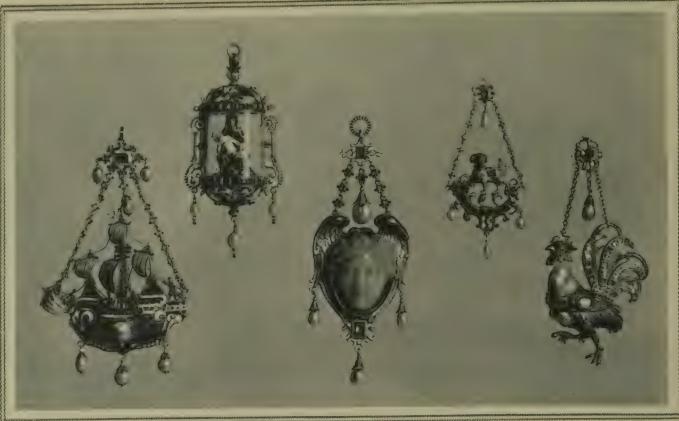
The sword-swallowing has at least a handle with which to get it out again, but how did Bunda manage about the nuts? As a matter of fact, the feat that so much impressed his feline friend, Blinx, was quite easy, for

Bunda is one of those monkeys who possess cheek-pouches, where food can be hurriedly stowed away and produced again at leisure. Blinx did not know this.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ALMINA, COUNTESS OF CARNARVON'S TREASURES UNDER THE HAMMER: LOTS FROM THE FORTHCOMING SALE.



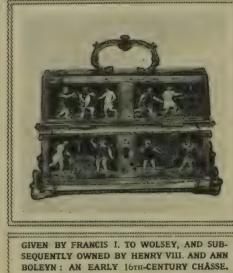
WITH A SMALL CLOCK BY JAMES COX : AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MINIATURE CABINET, OF ROCOCO DESIGN.



EXAMPLES OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN WORK: FIVE PENDANT JEWELS OF GREAT BEAUTY.



MINIATURES OF JAMES I. AND ANNE OF DENMARK, BY NICHOLAS HILLIARD ; AND NELL GWYNNE AND A LADY, BY JOHN HOSKINS.



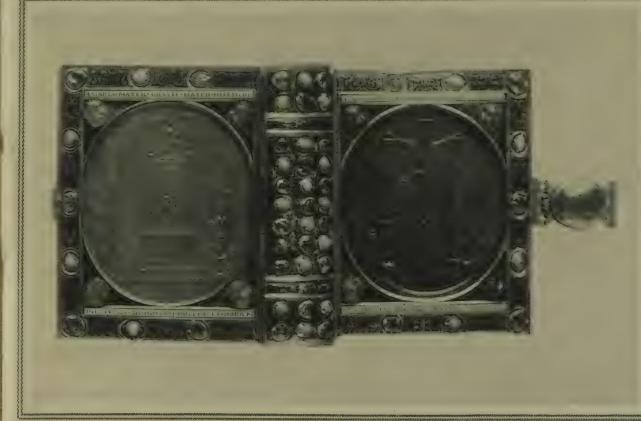
GIVEN BY FRANCIS I. TO WOLSEY, AND SUBSEQUENTLY OWNED BY HENRY VIII. AND ANN BOLEYN: AN EARLY 16TH-CENTURY CHASSE.



ENAMELLED WITH DOMESTIC SCENES: A LOUIS XV. NEEDLE-CASE.



STAMPED "A. WEISWEILER": A LOUIS XVI. WRITING-TABLE, WITH A FRIEZE SET WITH DRAWINGS IN GOUACHE.



FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF HORACE WALPOLE: AN ILLUMINATED MISSAL, DATED 1532; EXECUTED FOR CLAUDE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.



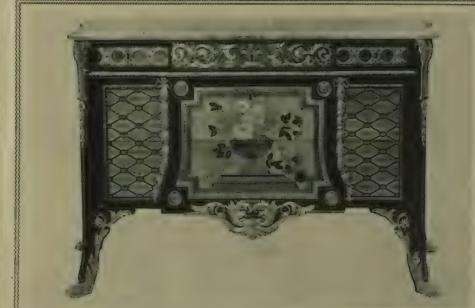
BY COURIEULT, OF PARIS: A LOUIS XV. CLOCK, WITH THE MOVEMENT CONTAINED IN A CELESTIAL SPHERE.



BEARING THE PARIS HALL-MARK 1775: A LOUIS XVI. TABLET-CASE.



SURMOUNTED BY A WATCH: AN 18TH-CENTURY ENGLISH NECESSAIRE, OF COLOURED GLASS IMITATING TORTOISESHELL.



PROBABLY BY RIESENER: A LOUIS XVI. COMMODE, FINELY INLAID, AND SURMOUNTED BY A VEINED RED AND YELLOW MARBLE SLAB.



MOUNTED IN COPPER-GILT FRAMES OF RENAISSANCE DESIGN: EIGHTEEN PLAQUES ILLUSTRATING THE LIFE OF CHRIST BY LEONARD LIMOSIN, SIGNED AND DATED 1553.

The announcement that Almina, Countess of Carnarvon (now the wife of Lieut.-Colonel I. O. Dennistoun) has decided to sell some of the fine French furniture, Sévres porcelain, and objects of art and vertu bequeathed to her by the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, has aroused much interest. The sale is taking place at Christie's on May 19 and the two following days, and is a notable event in the world of collectors. On our pages we illustrate a few of the lots which will come under the hammer. Many of them, in addition to being of great intrinsic value and beauty, have historic associations which render them as romantic as they are rare. For instance, the illuminated missal executed expressly for Claude, Queen of France, the wife of Francis I., is said to have subsequently belonged to the father of Thuanus. It was purchased by Horace Walpole from the collection of Dr. Mead in 1785. The châsse, composed of twelve plaques of Limoges enamel, painted with amorini sporting in landscapes; medallion heads, and scroll foliage in colours and grisaille on blue ground in

the style of Couly Noyller, is said to have been given by Francis I. to Cardinal Wolsey, and by the latter to Henry VIII., who gave it to Anne Boleyn. The Queen presented it to Lady Worcester, and, from her daughter, it passed to the Cannings. With regard to the other lots illustrated on our pages, we give some further details. The miniature-cabinet has its lower part enclosed by four doors: one side contains a musical movement, and the other is set with a miniature of a lady wearing a mauve and white dress trimmed with green ribands, by Scardi. The miniatures of King James I. and Anne of Denmark are both in gold lockets, with the backs engraved with the royal arms and cyphers. The miniature of Nell Gwynne is that of the lady with a landscape background; while that of the unnamed lady has a classical portico in the background. The back of the Louis XVI. commode, probably by Riesener, is stamped "B.V." crowned, and bears a ticket, "En 1791 Commode du No G. Chateau."—(Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE COMING OF THE CUCKOO.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ALMOST every newspaper one picks up just now contains some reference to the arrival of the cuckoo in our midst. The place this bird undoubtedly holds in our affections is to be explained by the fact that it is indeed a "harbinger of spring." We are all eyes and ears for signs and tokens which shall convince us, in spite of grey skies, that the winter of our discontent is past. Hence the familiar music, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" seems a fit accompaniment to the bursting into life of the hedgerows, where primroses and dandelions, red and white dead-nettle, celandine and anemones are reviving old memories and wilting hopes.

And so we applaud the musician and draw a veil over his disreputable record as a parent, wherein, however, he is no wit worse than his mate. As a matter of fact, if we are to sit in judgment on the pair, we must regard him as the less immoral of the two. Their lives are a perennial scandal; their abominable example to the rest of the bird-world is made the theme of endless discourses every year; and, since the reform of the culprits is out of the question, no useful end can be gained by going over the ground again on this occasion, though it is permissible to make comparisons between the behaviour of our bird and some of its relations in other lands. Such comparisons may help towards "white-washing" the culprits—at least, to a certain extent.

But we must have some sort of a standard of comparison. Let us begin, then, with that exhilarating cry—"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" Some call it exasperating. Perhaps it is, if you happen to live in

At the moment of actual collision the opponents were generally in a vertical position, and wings, feet and beaks were made use of in turn: one could plainly see them strike at one another with their feet, and one could observe the open bill which generally



WITH LEGS LENGTHENED Owing TO THE BIRD'S HABIT OF RUNNING ABOUT INSTEAD OF PERCHING:
THE RADIATED GROUND-CUCKOO.

The legs of the radiated ground-cuckoo of Borneo have lengthened greatly in accordance with the bird's habit of running about on the ground instead of perching in trees. The toes, however, it will be noted, are as in the typical cuckoos—two in front; two behind.

denotes exhaustion, but may, of course, have been due to anger, or as a means of producing terror." The spirited picture of the fighting cuckoos by that inimitable artist, Mr. G. E. Lodge, is taken from this book.

The possession of a "territory," in the case of the cuckoo, differs in one important particular from such possession in all our other birds. And this because the cuckoo is polyandrous. This being the case, if a number of males, having no "sphere of influence," joined in the pursuit of a single female, disaster to the race would inevitably follow. But each retaining the custom of seizing a "territory"—a habit formed before the change which brought about the discrepancy in the proportions of the sexes—a sure means of ensuring the fertilisation and successful distribution of the eggs is brought about. For each female lays from a dozen to twenty eggs, and, as these must be deposited in as many separate nests, a wide area of distribution is necessary. Having utilised all the immediately available nests within the "territory" of any given male, she passes on to that of the next, and thereby each male finds satisfaction in the appeasement of its desire. Thus, and thus only, can the well-being of the race be attained. This is a point which does not seem to have been generally grasped.

Our newspapers have been so full of horrors of late that we will pass over the execrable behaviour of the newly-hatched cuckoo as though it were, indeed, one of the innocents, turning attention to the newly-fledged bird. This may present one of two phases: a normal, "grey" phase, and what is known as a hepatic phase, wherein the whole plumage has a markedly rufus tinge. It used to be supposed that this was confined to birds in their first plumage, but it is now known that females may retain this coloration throughout their lives. In the normal, dark phase, the youngster has a white patch on the nape, and the throat heavily barred. In the hepatic phase, the nape spot is smaller, but there is a white patch on the crown, while the throat is less conspicuously barred. The adult cuckoo is quite consistent in its scorn for its offspring, since it leaves for its winter quarters in Africa a full month or more before the young can follow. How do the youngsters find their way? And what prompts them even to start?

The strange behaviour and reprehensible conduct of our cuckoo is doubtless largely governed by the fact that it has come to victimise the small, insectivorous birds. For its Continental cousin, the Great Spotted Cuckoo—one of our rarer British birds—lays its eggs in the nests of crows and magpies, and it will lay several eggs in the same nest. Commonly, but by no means invariably, it will remove one of the eggs of its dupe each time it deposits one of its own. But, in any case, the young cuckoos live in perfect amity with the young crows or mag-



A BIRD WHICH LAYS ITS EGGS IN THE NESTS OF CROWS AND MAGPIES: THE GREAT SPOTTED CUCKOO OF SOUTHERN SPAIN.

The young cuckoos are reared with their foster brothers and sisters, the more than usually nourishing diet of carrion and eggs making it unnecessary for the young cuckoos to expel the offspring of the rightful owners of the nests!

pies, as the case may be. It is not that they are less vicious in temperament, but that carrion, fresh meat, and eggs are more satisfying than mere flies and caterpillars, so that less food goes further, even in a large family of crows and cuckoos.

Finally a word may profitably be said as to cuckoos in general, for the tribe is represented by a variety of forms, and as varied in hue. Our own bird is very like a sparrow-hawk. There are some species which are black. There is an Indian species which, in form and colour, is so nondescript as to be known as the "crow-pheasant," possessing features reminiscent of both, and none, save the characteristic form of the foot, which suggests the cuckoo! And there are a few species which are gorgeously clad in vestments which look like burnished metal, and vie with the emerald in splendour of colour. Peculiarly interesting are the "ground-cuckoos" of the Southern United States and Mexico, and of Sumatra and Borneo. For these differ from all other cuckoos in the great length of the legs, which in the typical cuckoos are conspicuously short, for they are essentially arboreal birds. But the long-legged birds are terrestrial in their habits—hence the lengthening of the legs. This feature we meet with, it is to be noted, in certain species of parrots and pigeons, which have similarly forsaken the trees for the ground.



SHOWING THE CONSPICUOUS PATCH OF WHITE ON THE NAPE, AND THE HEAVILY BARRED THROAT:
THE HEAD OF A NEWLY FLEDGED CUCKOO.

These particular features are less marked in the "hepatic," or red, phase of plumage often found.

Reproduced from Howard's "Territory in Bird-Life."



A PRELIMINARY TO THE ARRIVAL OF THE FEMALES:
CUCKOOS FIGHTING FOR "TERRITORY."
Each cuckoo has to secure its "territory" before the arrival of the females.—[Drawn by G. E. Lodge.]

a spot where it is incessantly repeated all day long, from early morning till dewy eve; one can have too much even of a good thing! But this by the way. This call was never intended to serve for our delectation. It has a much more selfish and serious purpose. The cuckoos are not playing a game of "hide-and-seek," but trying to get in touch with one another. It is the cry of an avid male calling for a mate, who answers in the same strain, though with less melody.

When first heard, however, it may have another sequel. The males are the first to arrive, and they lose no time in "staking out a claim." That is to say, each sets about carving out from the countryside a "sphere of influence" for himself, a "territory" large enough to supply his prospective mate with sufficient nests among which she may distribute her complement of eggs, and so escape the cares of "domesticity." In this contempt for "domesticity" we may even find her counterpart among our own species! With this end in view, the vociferous one is in no mood to tolerate a rival in the same territory. Hence, where two males happen to covet the same area, the first-comer decides to fight for possession. And such duels are by no means of the "Tweedledum and Tweedledee" order. Indeed they are not! My friend Mr. Eliot Howard, in his delightful "Territory in Bird Life," thus describes an encounter of this kind. "It occurred high up in the air, above the tops of some tall elm-trees, which roughly marked the boundary line between their respective areas. . . .

ROYAL AND OTHER NEWS
ILLUSTRATED.

CRASH-PREVENTION TESTS AT CROYDON: MR. FOKKER'S SPECIALLY DESIGNED AIR LINER, WHICH HE PILOTED HIMSELF, CARRYING A NUMBER OF PASSENGERS.



THE KING'S VISIT TO SYRACUSE: HIS MAJESTY LANDING FROM THE ROYAL YACHT, FOLLOWED BY PRINCE GEORGE (THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE LEFT).

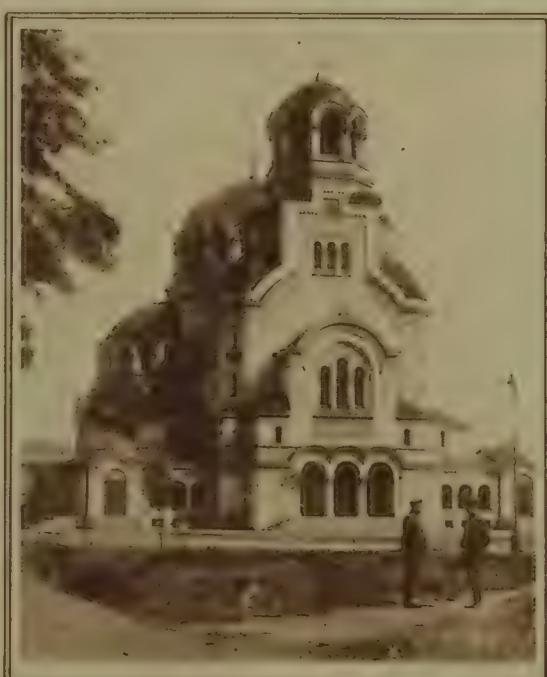


FITTED WITH HANDLEY PAGE SLOTTED WINGS, WHICH AUTOMATICALLY RESTORE LIFT TO THE WING IN A "STALL": AN AVRO MACHINE USED IN THE TESTS.



THE FIRST RACEHORSE EXHIBITED IN PUBLIC: DOUBLE CHANCE, THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER, AT THE FOOD EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA, WITH MISS JOAN MOORE.

MR. HANDLEY PAGE EXPLAINING THE EFFECT OF HIS SLOTTED WING DEVICE ON THE AVRO MACHINE: AN INCIDENT OF THE SAFETY TESTS AT CROYDON.



SINCE WELCOMED BACK IN LONDON ON THEIR RETURN FROM AFRICA: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ON A CHANNEL BOAT CROSSING FROM BOULOGNE TO DOVER.

THE BUILDING IN WHICH 140 BULGARIANS WERE KILLED AND 200 INJURED IN THE COMMUNIST BOMB OUTRAGE: THE SVETA NEDELIA CATHEDRAL AT SOFIA.

GOING TO THE POST FOR THE RACE IN WHICH HE FELL: PRINCE HENRY RIDING OCEAN III., WHICH HAD TO BE DESTROYED AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Remarkable tests of two aeroplanes, specially designed for safety in flight, took place at Croydon Aerodrome on April 15. One was an Avro machine fitted with Handley Page slotted wings, and piloted by Flight-Lieutenant G. P. Bulmer. He held the machine stationary in the air against a strong wind at an extreme angle, and did some stalled turns—the cause of most bad crashes. When the machine is stalled, the opening of the slots automatically restores lift to the wing. Mr. Anthony Fokker, the Dutch aeroplane-designer, himself piloted his ten-seater machine full of passengers, and showed that, unless forced into a stall, it is so designed that it will not pass the critical angle.—During their visit to Sicily,

the King and Queen, who on April 20 left Palermo in the Royal Yacht for Genoa on their way home, spent a day in Syracuse accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince George.—The Duke and Duchess of York arrived back in London on April 19.—Prince Henry fortunately escaped unhurt when he was thrown in the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Steeplechases at Dial Post, West Grinstead, on April 16, but his horse, Ocean III., broke its back and had to be destroyed.—An appalling Communist outrage was perpetrated on April 16 in the Cathedral at Sofia, during the funeral of the murdered General Georgieff. The explosion of a bomb killed 140 people, including 20 women and 10 children.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BLAKE STUDIOS TOPICAL, VANDYK, C.N., P. AND A., STANLEY, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



EX-MANAGER OF MARCONI'S: THE LATE MR. GODFREY ISAACS, BROTHER OF LORD READING.



THE MEN WHO BROUGHT "R33" HOME: FL-LT. R. S. BOOTH, R.A.F. (IN CENTRE), IN COMMAND, WITH FL-SERG. W. G. HUNT (RIGHT).



FORMERLY CROWN EQUERRY TO THE KING: THE LATE SIR CHARLES FITZWILLIAM.



A NOMINEE FOR THE GERMAN PRESIDENCY: DR. WILHELM MARX, EX-CHANCELLOR.



INVITED TO FORM A NEW BELGIAN MINISTRY: M. VANDERVELDE.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED IN THE RECENT ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE: KING BORIS OF BULGARIA.



A NOMINEE FOR THE GERMAN PRESIDENCY: FIELD-MARSHAL PAUL VON HINDENBURG.



THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY: (L. TO R.) MM. DURAFOUR, EYNAC, LAVAL, DE MONZIE, HESSE, PAINLEVÉ (PREMIER), CAILLAUX, BRIAND, PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE, SCHRAMECK, STEEG, ANTERIOU, CHAUMET, OSSOLA, DURAND, BOREL, AND BENAZET.



SOME OF THE CREW OF "R33" DURING HER GREAT ADVENTURE: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) L. H. KING, J. E. SCOTT, R. W. DICK, R. W. MAYES, FLIGHT-SERG. G. W. HUNT, G. N. POTTER (A SURVIVOR OF "R 38"), AND L. A. MONCRIEFF.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, brother of Lord Reading (Viceroy of India), resigned last November the Managing-Directorship of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, which he had held since 1910.—Flight-Lieutenant Booth, who was formerly in the Navy, obtained a permanent commission in the R.A.F. in 1919. In the war he received the Air Force Cross, and afterwards served on the Aeronautical Commission in Germany.—Sir Charles Fitzwilliam, a son of the sixth Earl Fitzwilliam, became Crown Equerry to the King on his Majesty's accession, and retired last year.—The three nominees for the German Presidential election were Field-Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, the famous war leader; Dr. Wilhelm Marx, ex-Chancellor; and Ernst Thälmann, a transport worker and Member of the Reichstag.—M. Emile Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist leader, was recently

asked by King Albert to form a new Government, but had difficulty in composing a Cabinet.—King Boris was slightly wounded in the lip by a bullet from the assassins who fired on his car and killed two of his companions, on April 14, two days before the great bomb outrage in Sofia Cathedral.—M. Caillaux, who had been exiled from politics since April 1920, returned to Paris under the Amnesty Act passed last year.—In the above group of the new French Cabinet, with President Doumergue, the other Ministers are: MM. Painlevé (Premier and War), Briand (Foreign Affairs), Steeg (Justice), Schrameck (Interior), Borel (Marine), de Monzie (Education), Chaumet (Commerce), Durand (Agriculture), Hesse (Colonies), Laaval (Public Works), Durafour (Labour), Antériou (Pensions), Ossola (Under-Sec. for War), Laurent-Eynac (Aeronautics), and Benazet (Physical Education).

NEW TO BUDGET-MAKING: THE KEEPER OF THE NATION'S PURSE.

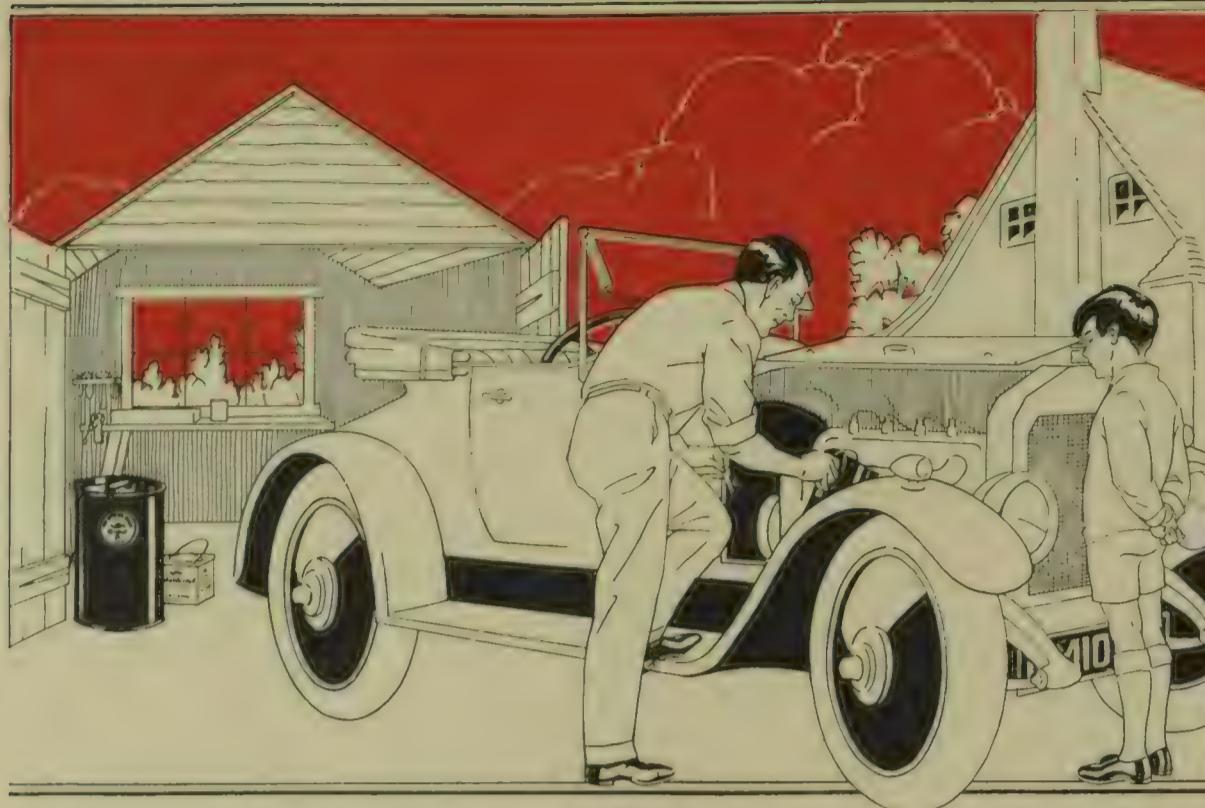
AFTER A PHOTO-ETCHING (BY SPECIAL PROCESS) BY JAMES BACON AND SONS, OF NEW BOND STREET AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



THE MINISTER TO WHOM THE TAXPAYER LOOKS FOR RELIEF UNDER THE FORTHCOMING BUDGET:
THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, P.C., M.P., C.H., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

As the time for the production of a new Budget approaches, taxpayers of every sort turn anxious eyes upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the hope that he may have devised some scheme that will alleviate their burden. Mr. Winston Churchill, whose Budget is due on April 28, has not previously essayed that task, although he has held, from time to time, many high offices of State since he became Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1906. He has since been, successively, President of the Board of Trade (1908-10), Home Secretary (1910-11), First Lord of the Admiralty (1911-15), Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1915), Minister of Munitions (1917), Secretary

for War and for Air (1918-21), and Colonial Secretary (1921-22). He was born in 1874 and was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst. He entered the Army in 1895, has seen service both in the Great War and previous campaigns, and has also acted as a war correspondent. He first entered Parliament in 1900, as a Conservative; later, he joined the Liberal Party; and at present he sits, as a Constitutional, for the Epping Division of Essex. Of his books the most important are "The World Crisis," published in 1923, and the memoir of his father, "Lord Randolph Churchill." He married, in 1908, Miss Clementine Hozier.

Chart of Recommendations
(ABRIDGED EDITION)

MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

E	means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc	means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"
A	means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
BB	means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
TT	means Gargoyle Mobiloil "TT"
B	means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.C. 4-Cyl ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C. 6-Cyl ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alvis ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin 20 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean 11.9 h.p. ...	—	—	A	A	A	—	—	—
Bean 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	—	—	—
Bean 14 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Bentley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Buick ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Calcott, 12/24 h.p. ...	BB	A	—	—	—	—	A	A
Calcott (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet ...	Arc							
Citroen 7.5 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Citroen "Caddy" ...	—	—	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Citroen (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Crossley 14 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Crossley (All Other Models) ...	EB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler 12 h.p. ...	A	A	—	—	A	Arc	A	A
Daimler (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Durant Four ...	A	Arc						
Durant Rugby ...	A	Arc						
Easek ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford ...	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Galloway ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
G.W.K. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
H.E. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hutchinson ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Humber 8 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett (All Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Lagonda ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trikappa) ...	—	—	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lambda) ...	A	Arc	—	Arc	—	Arc	—	Arc
Lancia (All other Models) ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maxwell ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Morris-Cowley ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland 13.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models) ...	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Peugeot "Quad" ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Renault 8.3 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Riley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models) ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Salmon ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star, 15.9 h.p. ...	—	—	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star, 20/50 h.p. ...	A	A	—	—	—	—	A	A
Star (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift ...	A	A	—	—	—	—	—	—
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq 16 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Talbot-Darracq (8 Cyl.) ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Talbot-Darracq (All Other Models) ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	BB	A
Unic ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	BB	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan, 10 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	A	A
Vulcan, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	A	A
Vulcan (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wolseley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE
Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

REMEMBER :

Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.



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VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.

The World of the Theatre.

"THE COLONNADE."—"TARNISH."—THE DRAMA OF ACTION AND REACTION.

I search but cannot see
What purpose serves the soul that strives, or world it tries
Conclusions with, unless the fruit of victories
Stay, one and all, stored up and guaranteed its own
For ever, by some mode whereby shall be made known
The gain of every life.—R. BROWNING. ("Fifine at the Fair.")

I KNEW it would happen. Neither the politely frigid reception at the Aldwych nor the almost solid phalanx of condemnatory criticism surprised me, for when I read Mr. Stark Young's play, "The Colonnade," I felt it would be "caviare to the general." And why? Because it eschews every quality that we have come to expect in drama. It is unusual, and in its externals non-dramatic. The Stage Society are to be congratulated both on their choice and on their courage, and I, for one, found it beautiful, strange, and absorbing. This was not the common experience. When the sensitive John Dandridge, the hero of the story, confessed that he'd talk everybody's head off before he'd done, and that "you are driving me all crazy," I heard subdued cheers of assent. A playgoer near me fell into a doze. All the exasperating perplexities, the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts only provoked him into oblivion. As Charles Lamb, in one of his irresponsible extravagances, put it, he had "succumbed under an insurmountable day of mare." It was a "mare" of interminable talk to him. Still, it won't do to dismiss the play as merely wearisome and futile. Mr. Stark Young is a critic with an established reputation. What is his attitude to the theatre? Besides, have I not already expressed my own pleasure! What sort of pleasure was it? How was I subdued by it? I am going to try and find answers to these questions, for this is the true function of criticism. Mr. Bernard Shaw has said somewhere that literary creators exist to provide critics with an occupation; though I might add in parenthesis that it is his habit to anticipate criticism by long and meticulous prefaces which leave very little else to be said. Never was Matthew Arnold's rule of "disinterestedness" more necessary if we want to arrive at a right appreciation of this play. For by all the accepted standards it is self-condemned. Here is no action, no outward and visible conflict, no marshalling of events towards a curtain, no tailor-made dramatic shape. It is intangible, an expression

the day closes, and the beautiful classic colonnade stands solitary and inscrutable. From the negro quarters comes the sound of crooning, plaintive melodies that rise and fall with tender insistence. Into this setting, so full of melancholy, monotonous peace, and dull consent, comes "Youth quick and warm." The boy is out of tune. "Your young men shall see visions and your old men dream dreams." Father and son are two generations. But the gulf

a moving sincerity, they have nothing in common. They stand for two distinct types of dramatic expression. "Tarnish" is a drama of action. "The Colonnade" is a drama of reaction. "Tarnish" is full-blooded, simple and straightforward. The characters are sharply delineated in action—the senile libertine father attempting suicide with a blunt knife; the "light" woman spraying her flat with perfume; the "good" girl's desperate interview. "Tarnish" is dynamic, lean, taut, and intense in dialogue, of the theatre and for the theatre, a play built with a remarkable constructive skill. "The Colonnade" is static, complex, full of infinite subtlety, diffuse and atmospheric in suggestion. It is a symbolic drama, vague, literary, and unfamiliar in technique, and a poor acting play.

I can well understand Mr. Stark Young's attempt to find a fresh expression. He is a dramatic critic, and how often he must have sighed for the dawn! I can almost hear him echo the words of Treplieff in Tchekov's "Seagull": "When playwrights give us, under a thousand different guises, the same, same old stuff, then I must needs run from it, as Maupassant ran from the Eiffel Tower, that was about to crush him by its vulgarity."

"The Colonnade" is Tchekovian drama. It is a drama which has attempted a vision of reality. For reality is not a question of facts but of mood, of artistic conception. It is not a drama which runs away from life into a bemused romanticism. Rather it seeks to find a fresh interpretation. The minds of the characters become the stage, and this perpetual talk is in the inconsequent fashion of life. Through it the vision gradually shapes itself. It is a revolt against that ignoble realism that debases the moral coinage of life, that realism which Tchekov himself so wittily pilloried in his parable—"Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Ham only noticed that his father was a drunkard, and completely lost sight of the fact that he was a genius, that he built an ark and saved the world." That is Mr. Stark Young's distinction. He does not falsify life. He has seen a vision and held it. Into this dreamy, unhappy atmosphere peopled with ghosts of the past, a world not of evil but of quiet acquiescence, he has



IN "THE LIVING DREAM GARDEN" OF "SKY-HIGH":
MISS TOOTS POUNDS IN A BEAUTIFUL SCENE FROM
THE NEW PALLADIUM REVUE.

One of the most attractive scenes in "Sky-High," the new Palladium revue, is "A Dream Garden," in which Miss Lorna and Miss Toots Pounds appear in crinoline dresses, in a garden composed of living roses.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

betwixt them is deeper than time. It is as impassable as the chasm of personality. The boy, sensitive, artistic, of the stuff of which poets are made, loves the colonnade. The father, elegant and prosaic, dislikes it. Then we slowly realise that the mother loved it too. Twenty years ago she went away, for man and wife could not harmonise. Fresh from the sight of his mother on her death-bed, shaken to the quick with the interview, his high imagination and ideals stung into activity, he faces his father. The clash of temperaments is inevitable. It is the battle between the letter and the spirit, between the code of law and of honour. Now we become aware that the mother's fight is being waged again. The mood is charged with potential tragedy. The boy is alone, misunderstood even by his young wife. Then it is borne upon him that he can never realise his finer self in this circle of age-crusted tradition. The colonnade—symbol of beauty and truth—points a way, and so one night he quietly steals out—not to death, but to life. Wife and relatives are left confused and questioning. The play is done. It is not for these mollusc souls to find the answer.

Simple definitions will not fit this play. Drama has been defined as "an articulate story presented in action." This is all articulation, and, unkind critics will add, "drunk with the exuberance of its own verbosity." Is it because they are insensitive to subtlety? Is it because they protest against this circumlocution which never arrives at a crisis? Is it because they prefer the realistic method with its economy, its strategy, and its curtain? But realism has sunk into a mere record of disordered time. It is too often a drama of immorality exploiting vice and misery for the easier excitement of jaded minds. The Ibsen drama has fallen from its first glory. It has fulfilled a splendid purpose, cleaning the stage of cant and endowing insignificant facts with meaning. To-day, however, there is an ignoble sort of realism abroad, which falsifies life and degrades every human relationship. Here and there we meet an example which has both inspiration and beauty. "Tarnish," at the Vaudeville, is such a play. Mr. Gilbert Emery has not fallen into the error of the average realist. The characters are valid. There is a certain nobility in the worst of them, and an ignobility in the best of them. The interest is strong, the plot well knit, the story convincing, and it affords admirable opportunities for acting which are admirably taken. A bigger contrast between two plays could hardly be matched. Apart from the fact that they both hail from America and that they are both informed with



A CHARMING AND DELICATE STAGE LOVE-MAKING:
JOAN (MISS NORA SWINBURNE) AND EMMET CARR
(MR. FRANCIS LISTER) IN "TARNISH."

The love-scenes between Emmet Carr (Mr. Francis Lister) and Joan (Miss Nora Swinburne), the "good girl" of the American play, "Tarnish," at the Vaudeville, are among the most charming and delicate stage-wooings imaginable.

of mood and atmosphere of unique power. It enveloped me, wrapping me round as with a garment. Is this a different drama? Has it a significance which it is worth while to riddle?

Consider the play. Within the drawing-room of this old Southern home, with its faded furniture and ancestral portraits, gathers a circle of aged relatives. There is a spirit of rare gentleness and courtesy among them, and their inconsequential talk is all of the past, pointed at times with melancholy prophecy averted the future. It is all so quiet, so slow, so remote. Outside the light glows, striking the shuttered windows and falling in barred shafts across the floor. The air is still and trembling with torrid heat. The summer moon rises peacefully as



THE SIREN OF THE UNDERWORLD IN GENEROUS MOOD: NETTIE DARK (MISS OLGA LINDO) AND AGGIE (MISS CHRISTINE SILVER) IN "TARNISH."

"Tarnish," at the Vaudeville, is remarkable for the fine acting of Miss Olga Lindo as Nettie Dark. She is grasping, this siren of the underworld; but when a woman of her own class is in trouble, she shows that she has generous impulses by helping her. Miss Lindo has been selected to play the part of Sadie Thompson in the forthcoming production of the much-discussed Maugham play,

"Rain," and will be released from "Tarnish" for this rôle.

put a youth with a soul which cannot be bent to fit its environment. John Dandridge does not steal away, a broken man, to kill himself. That is the way of the despairing realist. No. He goes faring forth by the Colonnade to a world of reality strong in the faith of his own fine nature. The dramatist has felt our need for a faith which will carry us beyond present attainment, a faith that we are greater than we are. Though Mr. Stark Young is not completely successful, he has given us a play of haunting beauty and ennobling symbolism. He has pointed a way to those play-makers who traffic in ugliness and negation. For we must recover our faith or perish.—G. F. H.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

EASTER HOLIDAYS over and people returned and returning to dear old London, thoughts begin to concentrate on the coming season. The King and Queen are not going to Malta, and will be home earlier in next month than was thought. It is pleasant to hear on all sides how very happy their holiday is and how greatly they have enjoyed it. Next week our legislators get back to the House of their labours, and, as their households will for the most part be settled in town for some months, there will be a "certain liveliness" in London. The author of that phrase will have it in his power to increase the liveliness, for if he decreases the income tax, people will heave a sigh of relief, and begin to believe that hard times are at last going away.

Somerley was a fine setting for Wilton Hunt Ball, and has not, so far as one remembers, been lent before for such an entertainment. It is an imposing manor in the Italian Renaissance style, and was built by the late Earl of Normanton. It possesses a very fine picture gallery in which are works by Lawrence, Gainsborough, Constable, Reynolds, Guardi, and Canaletto. There is some exquisite furniture in Somerley, and other things of beauty. Viscount Somerton, the only son of the house, had King Edward for his godfather. His aunt was Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria, and resigned on her marriage to Count de Maundy Talvande, which took place in St. James's, Spanish Place, and at which Queen Alexandra was present. Lord and Lady Normanton had seven daughters before their son was born. Lord Normanton is seldom absent from Cowes during Regatta Week, and is usually accompanied by some of his daughters and by Lord Somerton, now in his sixteenth year.

The Prince of Wales is having many new experiences; that of excessive heat is not new to him, but many golden gifts must have been. The Crown Prince of Japan follows, I am told, all the movements of our Prince with intense interest, and in many ways models himself on the princely idol of the West. This is one of the steps that has characterised the sudden leap of Japan into the very centre of civilisation in comparatively recent years. The Japanese royal pedigree



The new "polo shirt" designed and carried out by Walpole Brothers. It is of spun silk, and the turn-over collar fastens conveniently down the side. (See page 756.)

stretches back through centuries, and members of the family were treated as sacred beings. Prince Hirohito is quite affable to his future subjects, and has even stopped at a hotel at a fashionable Japanese resort and played golf on the Miyashita course. He dresses rather like our Prince. In spite of Prince Hirohito's democratic ways, the old Japanese traditions die hard.

The present Emperor is an invalid, and when he travels does so in a large maroon-coloured limousine car, and only from one palace to another. The Crown Prince will be twenty-four on the 29th inst., and has acted as Regent since 1921. He married Princess Nagako, who is two years his junior. He has three brothers and four sisters.

The Duke of Devonshire's illness caused a shock to his many friends and still larger circle of admirers. The Duke is one of those quiet, patriotic men who do their duty thoroughly and unostentatiously, who is steady, and has a well-balanced character, a good brain, and a kind heart. That his seizure was slight and that he made a good recovery is probably due to his healthy life. He went over to Lismore and was enjoying fishing on the Blackwater, which runs so near Lismore Castle that one could jump into it out of a window. The Duke and Duchess, with Lord Charles and Lady Anne Cavendish, were staying at the Lismore Hotel, not the Castle, which is under repair. The late Duke and Duchess spent some time each year at Lismore, which was a favourite residence with them. The present Duke and Duchess stayed there, too, when their daughters were young.

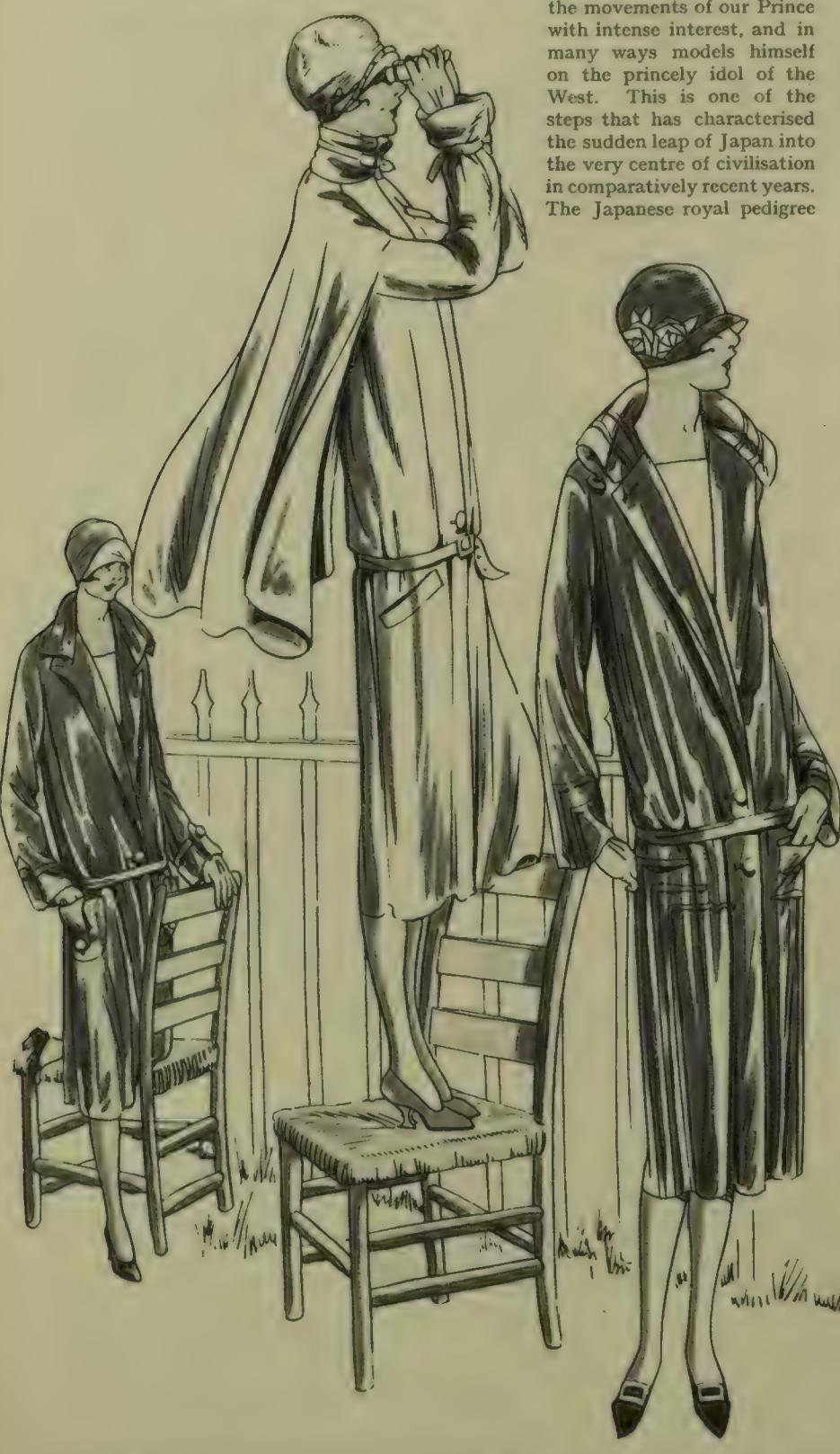
Lord Nunburnholme will come of age on the 25th, the date of this paper. His father died last year, not long after the marriage of his only daughter to Earl Winterton. He is a grandson, on his mother's side, to that fine old English nobleman the Marquess of Lincolnshire, and through him is related to Lady Lewisham, Lady Bury, Lady Alexandra Palmer, and Lady Victoria Weld-Forester; to Lord Suffield, the Dowager Lady Hillingdon, the Dowager Lady Hastings, and many other well-known people; the Countess of Chesterfield being his aunt, also Viscountess Chaplin. His grandmother, Florence Lady Nunburnholme, is one of our women racehorse owners. She was a Wellesley, a great-niece of the Iron Duke.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles is fulfilling public engagements in different parts of the country. She has been at Reading, Bexley Heath, Oxford, Grimsby, and has future engagements. The 25th is her Royal Highness's birthday, which will be celebrated quietly at her Yorkshire home with her husband, Viscount Lascelles, and her two small sons. Lord Lascelles would have felt some anxiety about his brother, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, and his wife, to both of whom he is much attached, during their dramatic visit to Damascus with Earl Balfour, whose favourite niece is the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles. However, all is well.

The late Countess Howe was a talented musician, and when she was married, first, to the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava she sang delightfully. She was a very smart-looking rather than an actually pretty woman, and she was attractive and charming. Music was a taste and talent she shared with her second husband, Earl Howe, who plays the organ beautifully, also the piano, and is devoted to grand opera, seldom missing a chance of hearing fine performances. He is Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra, who is much attached to him. He is always one of the best-dressed men in whatever company he is, and does not look like the grandfather of a lad who will be seventeen in August.

Lady Betty Chappell, whose marriage was the first of importance after Easter, belongs to a very old Scottish family. Her cousin, Lord Kinnoull, is fourteenth Earl. Her grandfather married a daughter of the seventh Duke of Beaufort, and her uncle married a sister of the late Duke of Fife, who remarried twice, and is the mother of Lady Diana Cooper's husband. He died while he was Viscount Dupplin, and his only child married Baron Herbert Von Hindenburg, then Councillor of the Prussian Legation at the Hague.

E. L.



A trio of fashionable showerproof wraps for the races. They are built of rubbered crepe-de-Chine in mole, coral, and beech-brown colourings, and must be placed to the credit of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. (See page 756.)

A. E. L.

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RADIO NOTES.

DURING the recent solar eclipse, a system of observations and tests was made in the United States to ascertain the effect upon radio reception. Our contemporary the *Scientific American* conducted a large number of the tests with the co-operation of radio experts and over two thousand amateur listeners who sent in reports describing reception obtained before, during, and after the eclipse. In order that listeners should not be influenced by the knowledge of the actual time of the eclipse, they were asked to write down in their reports the exact word of the matter being broadcast at which the signals appeared to fade or increase. Thus it was possible to have an exact time-check on all changes without depending on the accuracy of individual watches or clocks.

Although the analysis of the results obtained is not quite complete, it is possible to state provisionally that (1) When a listener and a transmitter were on the same side of the eclipse shadow band—*i.e.*, the shadow of the moon on the earth—there was a gradual increase of signal strength, beginning about twenty minutes before totality, and falling off again about ten minutes after; (2) When a listener and transmitter were on opposite sides of the shadow, there was a decrease in strength beginning a few minutes before totality, and lasting until well after it; (3) When both listener and transmitter were within the shadow, there was a relatively sharp increase in signal strength, particularly coincident with totality at the transmitting station, but weakening rather quickly after totality. So far as analysed at present, the results appear to indicate that the radio wave is transmitted over two paths—one along the ground surface, and the other through the upper part of the atmosphere. The two wave paths appear to be affected unequally by the shadow of the eclipse. The upper, or indirect, wave was probably interfered with by the eclipse, due to alterations of the ionisation of the air during the temporary darkness.

A question in Parliament the other day asked what steps the Government proposed to take in regard to complaints made of the destruction of pigeons and other birds by aerial wires. The Postmaster-General replied that as there are now more than 1,300,000 wireless license holders, he did not think it would

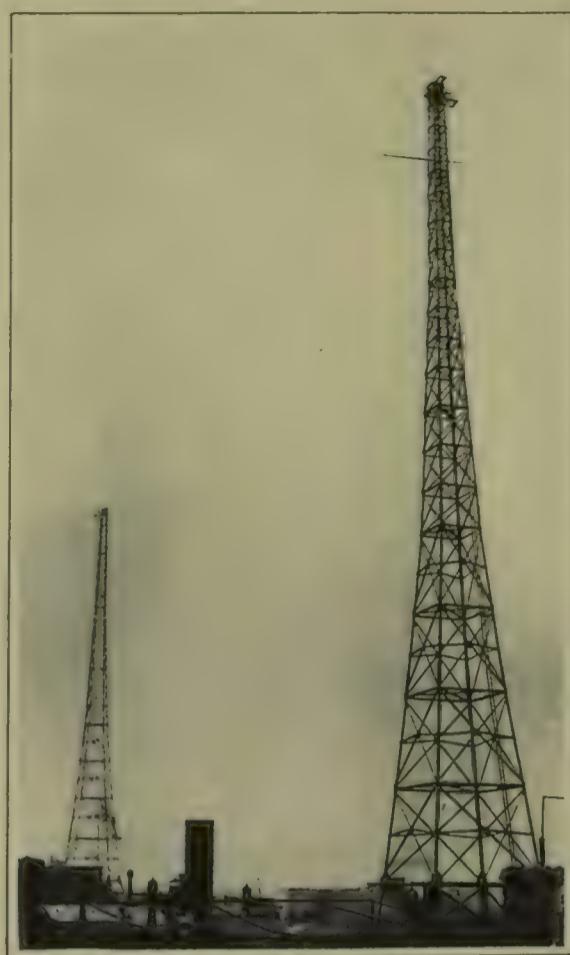
be reasonable or practicable to require them, as a condition of their licenses, to affix corks to aerials. He had, however, been in communication with the National

Homing Union, and had suggested that they should invite the co-operation of the B.B.C. in giving publicity to appeals on the subject.

The fixing of corks along an aerial should not seriously affect reception; but, for the idea to be of real utility, quite a large number of corks would be necessary, and the unsightliness of these might be considered a disadvantage. While no one desires that an aerial may be the cause of the accidental destruction of birds of any sort, it must be remembered that there are many thousands of telephone and telegraph wires all over the country, and if aerials are ever ordered to be "corked," then the rule would also have to apply to all other air-wires.

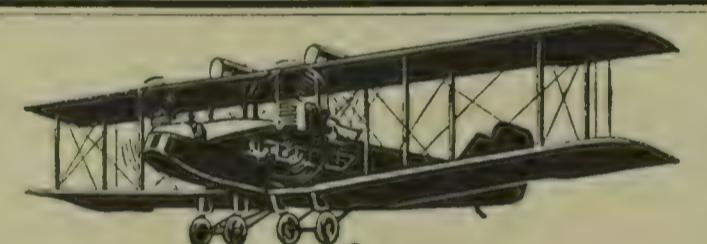
To the Radio Society of Great Britain, Dr. Fourrier d'Abbe is to describe his latest experiments for the study of television. According to the *Times*, Dr. d'Abbe's method consists in converting a picture or scene into a number of musical sounds, each note representing an element or patch of the picture. The sounds are transmitted simultaneously all on the same wave length. At the receiving station the sounds are reconverted to light by means of special resonators, each of which consists of a hollow vessel with an opening over which a mica reed is mounted. The reed is provided with a small mirror, and when the appropriate note occurs, the reed vibrates, and produces a patch of light on a ground-glass screen, the patch reproducing one element of the original picture. At present the apparatus is limited to thirty different sounds or patches, and before a recognisable picture can be transmitted, a larger apparatus must be constructed, for a single human face requires at least four hundred patches to appear on the screen. The original picture or scene is converted into sound by a revolving disc pierced with many circles of small holes. Selenium cells, placed at different points in the optical image of the disc, are so arranged that each cell is illuminated by intermittent light of a different frequency. A two-valve amplifier changes the electric pulsations from the selenium cells into sounds.

On May 19 the King is to open the great electric power station at Barking, and arrangements are being made for his Majesty's speech to be broadcast simultaneously from all B.B.C. stations.



2 LO'S NEW AERIAL.

The new aerial of the London Broadcasting Station is supported between two towers high above buildings in Oxford Street, W. Many thousands of listeners are more than satisfied with the increased reception-strength, but in some districts, notably in East and S.E. London, reception is stated to be weaker than that from the old aerial in the Strand.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



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"I consider that the 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce is the finest car of its size and power that I have ever had the pleasure of driving; and I have driven most of the well-known makes, both British and Continental. In none but the 20 h.p. Rolls does one find that sweetness of running and ease of motion which this famous firm alone seem to have the secret of imparting to their products. Petrol consumption is about 20 to 22 m.p.g. Oil consumption practically nil, and the car is remarkably light on tyres. The suspension is quite marvellous; and though the brakes are not of the four-wheel type, I make bold to say that they are far preferable to some of those of the four-wheel type, both as regards pulling up powers and freedom from skidding tendencies: in this matter I speak from personal experience, for previous to my owning the 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce, my car was one of a very famous make which was fitted with four-wheel brakes. In short, after an experience dating back to the earliest days of motoring, I know all the good qualities of the 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce, and so far have utterly failed to find any bad ones because there are not any. There is no car in the same street with it, except the 40-50 h.p. of the same make. Usual disclaimer."

F.E.S. in "The Autocar" of March 27th, 1925

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Bournemouth Bay and Pier from East Cliff.

BOURNEMOUTH

The Seaside Resort among the Pines

Bournemouth is unsurpassed for natural beauty, with its glorious pine trees, wonderfully laid out flower gardens, picturesque chines and magnificent golden sands. As a health and holiday resort it offers the maximum enjoyment to visitors. Besides exceptional bathing facilities (double tides), good fishing and boating, there are high-class musical concerts and a military band on the pier, and excellent provision for tennis, bowls, cricket and other sports, including two Municipal Golf Courses in the town itself and others in the vicinity. Walks amid the lovely nooks of the Evergreen Valley, trips to the sylvan glades of the New Forest, and sea excursions to the neighbouring coast resorts are only a few of the attractions that Bournemouth can offer. The hotels, hydrocs, pensions and boarding-houses afford every comfort, and justly claim to be among the finest in England.

For Guide apply Town Clerk, Bournemouth.

Through Trains from Midlands and North by L.M.S. Railway. Express Services from London (Waterloo) by Southern Railway. Tourist, Period Excursions, and Week-End Tickets.

OUR ANAGLYPH MASK COUPON.

Please send me One Anaglyph Viewing Mask. I enclose stamps [Three-halfpence, inland; or Twopence-halfpenny Foreign] to cover postage.

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(ANAGLYPH) 15, ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C.2
T.L.N. 25.4.1925.



There are 16 private audition rooms in Harrods new Gramophone Section on The First Floor. You may hear any model played in comfort and quiet.

Fashions and Fancies.

The "Five o'Clock" Pyjama Negligeé.

Fashion, never at a loss for the creation of novel fantasies, has ordained that the hostess at fashionable "five o'clock" gatherings shall appear clad in an alluring confection, half-pyjama and half-teagown, christened the "pyjama negligée." Paris and London have welcomed the vogue with enthusiasm, and the dress-designers are allowing imagination to run riot in the blending of filmy draperies, quaint jackets, and amusing trousers. Some are carried out in gaily painted chiffons, with flowing coatees over tight Pierrot trouserettes; others have a more serious air, expressed in black or petunia satin, boasting short mandarin coats, richly embroidered, and wide Chinese trousers. Another lovely model may be expressed in coral crêpe-de-Chine, with the long tunic bordered with a deep fringe, hiding almost completely a modern version of the Victorian pantalettes. No one can deny the fascination of these frivolities, destined for those peaceful moments between strenuous social activities, the "five o'clock till seven" interlude.

Frocks for Tennis and Warm Climates.

Fashion is happily economising in the matter of light washing frocks for warm climates, for they are made with concealed pleats and flounces which render them practical for sports. Walpole Brothers (89, New Bond Street, W.; 108, Kensington High Street; and 175, Sloane Street, W.) are well-known specialists in frocks of this genre, and already the new season's models may be studied in their salons. Two attractive affairs are sketched on page 752. The one on the left is carried out in white crêpe-de-Chine piped with scarlet. It is obtainable for 79s. 6d., and there are others of the same material ranging from 63s. On the right is a striped Celes frock. Then there are jumper suits of British silk crêpe-de-Chine strapped with various colours, available for 4½ guineas, and hand-made linen frocks of every hue range from 35s. 9d. This firm are far-famed also for their simple, perfectly tailored overblouses, and pictured on page 752 is the new "polo shirt" introducing the high turn-over collar buttoning down the side. Carried out in ivory spun silk, the cost is only 25s. 9d. Perfectly cut middy jumpers in silk crêpe-de-Chine are 42s. An illustrated brochure of the coming season's fashions will be sent on request gratis and post-free to all readers of this paper.

Showerproof Wraps for the Races.

With the racing season in full swing, and many of the most important meetings still to come, the subject of showerproof wraps which are both fashionable and practical is of universal



A captivating "pyjama-negligée" from Paris created by Madeleine et Madeleine. Fashioned of blue satin, the demure white gilet offers an effective contrast to the Chinese coat embroidered in many colours. Photograph by Manuel Frères.

interest. At Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W., are many of these invaluable accessories at all prices.

Three of the newest models, expressed in rubbered crêpe-de-Chine, are pictured on page 752. The cape coat in the centre, in a fascinating coral nuance, costs 11 guineas; that on the left 10 guineas; and the third 10½ guineas, carried out in beech-brown piped with the same material. These wraps of rubbered crêpe-de-Chine are obtainable in many lovely shades, and range from 73s. 6d.; while those of Jap silk are from 39s. 6d. Then there are the new coats of "leatherette," which have the appearance of leather without its weight. They are from 39s. 6d. upwards, proofed cashmere coats being from the same amount. Two splendid investments, in which every woman who leads an outdoor existence should indulge, are a featherweight mackintosh costing 19s. 6d., available in several shades, and a well-tailored double-breasted coat, slit at the back, built of West of England covert coating, priced at the modest sum of 52s. 6d. It is available in fawns and rusts with faint overchecks.

Hats for Spring and Summer.

The newest and most fascinating modes in millinery are always to be seen at Gorringes', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. And they may even be studied leisurely at home, for this firm have issued a comprehensive brochure illustrating hats large and small, simple and elaborate. It will be sent gratis and post-free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper. Amongst its pages are included shady hats of bangkok canvas straw trimmed with corded ribbon for 30s., and simple models in tagel straw swathed with shaded ribbon velvet cost only 21s. A useful and delightfully inexpensive hat for town and country is a close-fitting affair of canvas straw underlined with crêpe-de-Chine and bound with corded ribbon. It may be secured for 15s. 9d. in many fashionable colourings. Gorringes specialise also in hats for little people; and a booklet devoted to their needs may be obtained, too, on request. There are shady hats fashioned of rows of shot ribbon available for 12s. 11d., and also quaint "mushroom" shapes in open straw trimmed with satin rosettes. A pretty pandan hat can be secured for 9s. 11d., available in every fascinating shade.

Novelty of the Week.

Long tunics of imitation boucllette, beautifully hand-painted in striking designs and colourings, may be obtained for the surprisingly modest amount of 20s. each. They are useful affairs which will fulfil many purposes, and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address of the firm whence they may be obtained.



SHAKESPEARE READING HIS PLAYS BEFORE ELIZABETH. (XVI Century.)

Where Quality reigns and age enhances.

ON the social side of life the brand of whisky you serve makes all the difference in the world. Because of the genuinely very old and very choice whiskies of which it is blended, 'Red Tape' possesses that fine flavour and smoothness obtainable only by making the most of quality, age and perfect blending.

"Red Tape"
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The Whisky

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from
The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd., 12/20, Osborn St., E.1
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FACE POWDER
ensures a perfect complexion

GROSSMITH'S

TSANG-IHANG

Sweet **PERFUME** of Thibet

Perfume, 2/9, 4/9, 9/6.
Face Powder, 9/6.

Toilet Cream, 1/-
Soap, 10/-d., etc.



The Mode is Simple but 'Complete'

That Fashion has interesting thoughts on harmony is instanced by the many Two-piece Models with coat linings of the fabric of the dress. Organdi and Lace appear to deck the Mode and a little flat collar of Organdi, a semi-pleated skirt, and the striking use of Red with Navy give the Three-piece Model in the picture a trio of Fashion points. The material is Charmalaine, a new voile-like fabric with a cashmere back; the colour is Navy, which has conspicuously re-entered the field of fashion, while the jumper is of Cherry-toned Georgette—typical of the 'assembled' smartness to be found in Modes from Harrods.

Model Suits—First Floor.

HARRODS
HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



BOX-HEAD SPRING ROLLER BLIND.
A very simple, practical and inexpensive Sun-blind.
(Competent men sent to measure and advise)

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Prospective Clients are respectfully advised to place their orders for Blinds early to avoid the inconvenience that is sometimes unavoidably caused through a pressure of work when the HOT WEATHER sets in suddenly. We are prepared to make and store till required so that they may be fixed when necessary.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Quarter of a Million Cars. About fourteen years ago—at the end of 1911, I think it was—I made one of a small party of the personal friends of Mr. P. L. D. Perry invited to Trafford Park, Manchester, to attend the inauguration of what was then the new Ford factory. As a matter of fact, it was not really a factory at all. It was simply a works devoted to the assembly of Ford units imported from the main factory at Detroit. Last week I was once again at Trafford Park, but on this occasion it was to see the 250,000th Ford car built in England come off the conveyor under its own power, preparatory to making an extended tour round Britain. The occasion was more than a little interesting to everybody there; but to the few of us who had attended the inauguration ceremony three years before the war, it was possibly an event of outstanding interest. When Trafford Park was in its infancy the Ford plant there was, as I have said, nothing but an assembly works, employing a very few hands and turning out a correspondingly small number of cars. To visualise to some small extent the manner in which

annual output to-day is somewhere between thirty and forty thousand—a mere item in the enormous Ford output in America and elsewhere, but simply colossal when judged by British motor-car production figures in general. It is a truly marvellous enterprise, this of Henry Ford, and one that has made its commanding position in industry in spite of opposition which probably no other motor-manufacturing business has had to encounter. By all the rules of the game the Ford ought to have been jolted off the roads years ago, yet by sheer force of merit and a far-seeing policy it is where it is to-day.

Ford Constructional Methods.

Now, the Ford is known as the cheapest thing that runs on wheels, and doubtless most people are under the impression that the manner of its production must necessarily be to expend as little trouble as possible on its making. I should like those who think this way to visit the works—visitors are always welcome and will be conducted round and shown everything. It would, of course, be too much to say that Ford methods are as meticulous as those of, let us say, Rolls-Royce; but it is nevertheless a fact that nothing is left to chance, and that the gauging and testing of every Ford part is as carefully carried out as in the case of the best cars of the day. There is this difference—that very little is scrapped in course of manufacture. The nature of the plant, complete as it is with the best and most expensive machines and machine tools, renders it possible to work to the finest limits of size without the necessity for calling in the human element except in the minimum possible degree. If a part should come through a little under the standard, there

are cunning machines and contrivances which make it right in a few seconds. Take as an example the crank-shaft. This is made of vanadium steel—the most expensive material for the purpose. There is



A ROVER CAR COMPELLED TO TURN BACK: A HUGE TREE FALLEN ACROSS THE ROAD AT GUY'S CLIFF, NEAR WARWICK, MAKES AN EFFECTUAL BARRIER.

method underlying its use, for not only is it the best known alloy for crank-shafts, but it can safely be set cold. A shaft comes to the gauger a little out of truth. Embodied in the testing machine is a system of screw presses, and in a very few seconds the expert workman whose job it is to pass this component has it dead true. And so it is with every mechanical part of the Ford. It is simply a triumph of works organisation and production engineering. If any reader of these notes should happen to be in Manchester with a few hours to spare, he might employ them far less profitably, and certainly less interestingly, than in visiting the works where the British Ford is actually manufactured. It has long ceased to be an assembly job.

A Brighton Speedway.

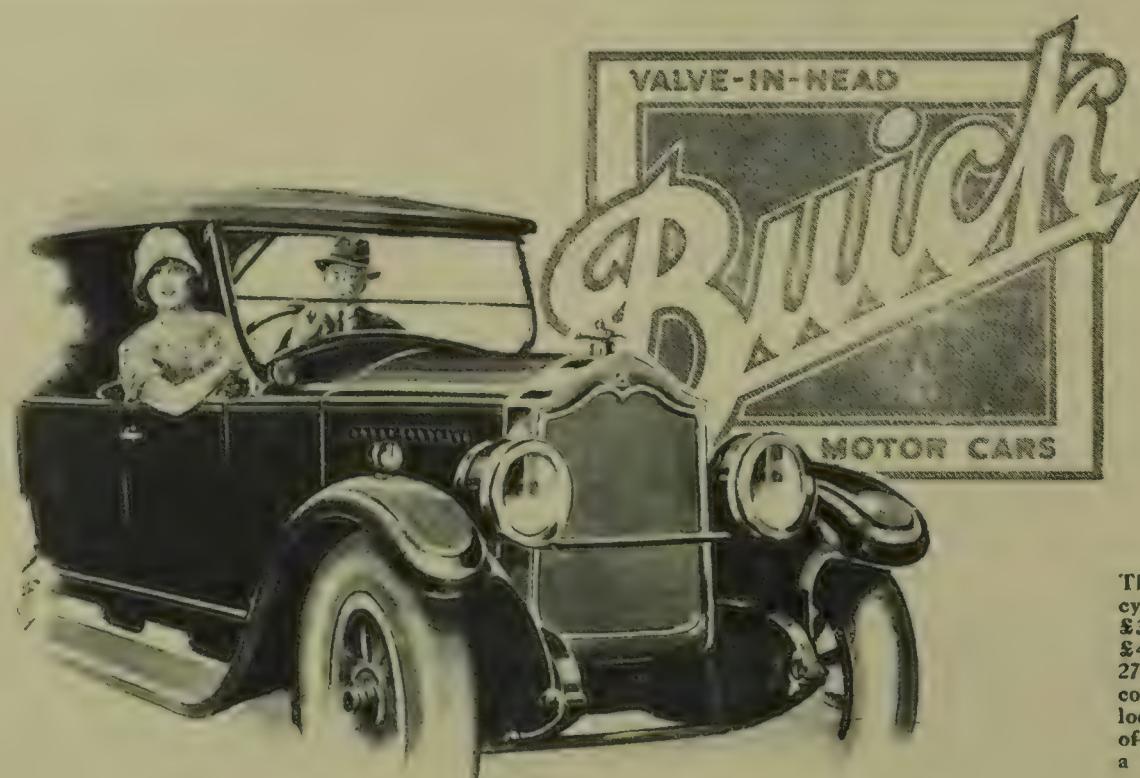
Years ago Lord Montagu of Beaulieu advocated the construction of a motor-road between London and Brighton. That was before we had got going on the present expansive schemes of main-road construction, and when to motor to Brighton was about

(Continued overleaf.)



THE NEW 14-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY: A CAR OF DISTINCTION.

it has grown, it is only necessary to remember that the average number of cars turned out per annum in the whole period is very nearly twenty thousand. The



The Buick '20' six-cylinder Tourer costs £355, the Saloon £498. The Buick 27 h.p. 7-seater Saloon costs £675. Ask your local Dealer for prices of other models and a demonstration run.

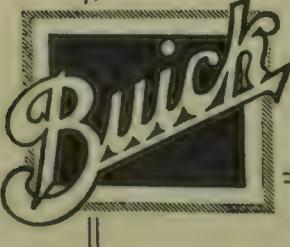
"Sixes" and £ s. d.—

EVERY motorist who has driven in city traffic knows how quickly a six-cylinder car pulls away from others when the policeman gives the "go" signal.

And every motorist knows that a "Six" will idle down to two miles an hour on high gear—or jump to sixty.

Not everyone knows that Buick six-cylinder

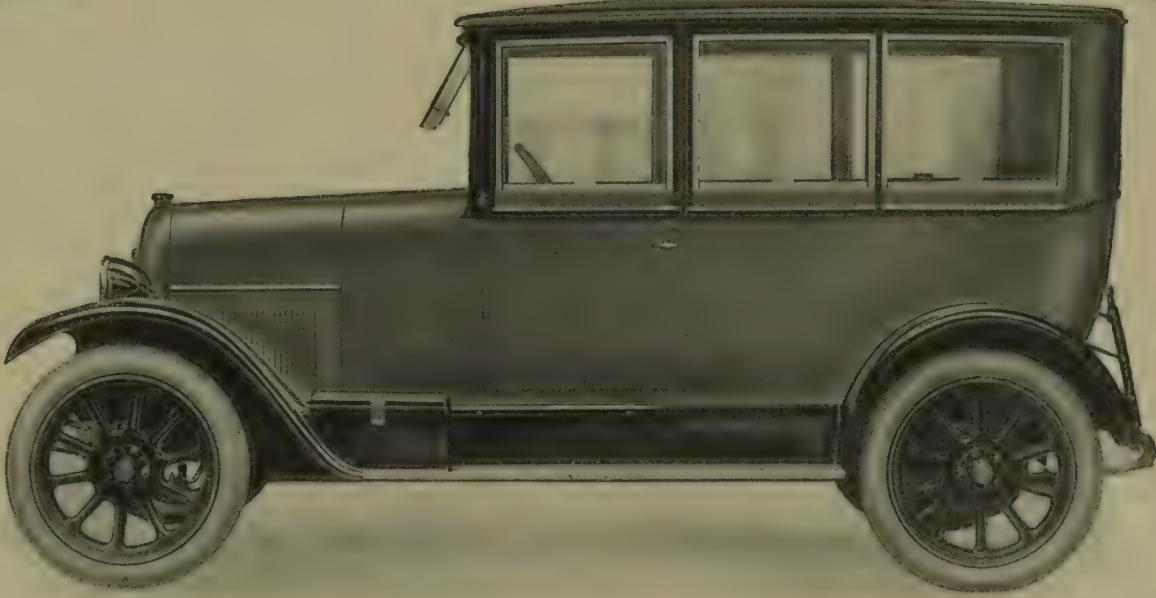
performing ability can be bought at the price of most "Fours." Your local Buick dealer will prove this to you, and he will also tell you about Buick four-wheel brakes, Du Pont Viscolac unscratchable finish, renowned Fisher bodywork, and low pressure tyres—an unequalled specification. General Motors deferred payment system suits every convenience.



FIAT

The Car of International Reputation

Universally admitted
to represent VALUE
sensational in character.



REDUCED PRICES

Now in operation

10/15 H.P. CHASSIS	£225
Torpedo (Popular) (Tax £11)	£280
Torpedo (Sliding Front Seat)	£325
2/3 Seater	£315
Coupe (Fixed Head)	£365
Saloon	£375
All-weather	£385
3/4 Coupe (English Coachwork)	£470
10/15 H.P. CHASSIS	£245
(Lorg) (Tax £11)	
Coupe de Ville	£415
15/20 H.P. CHASSIS	£310
(Tax £14)	
Torpedo	£490
3/4 Landauet (English Coachwork)	£660
Saloon (English Coachwork)	£650
Saloon (with Division behind)	
Driver—English Coachwork	£660
20/30 H.P. CHASSIS	£440
(6-cylinder) (Tax £21)	
Torpedo (English Coachwork)	£685
Saloon	£900
3/4 Landauet (English Coachwork)	£875
Enclosed Landauet (English Coachwork)	£915
The Price of the 40 h.p. 6-CYLINDER MODEL remains unaltered:—Chassis (Front Wheel Brakes) (Tax £27)	£720
Standard equipment for every touring car and chassis except the Popular model includes: Electric Lighting Set and Starter, 5 Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Spare Wheel and 5 Michelin Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.	

A typical example:

10-15 H.P. SALOON £375

(TAX £11)

The standard Fiat coachwork has been described as of The De Luxe character and which is particularly observable in the Saloon appointments, and finish.

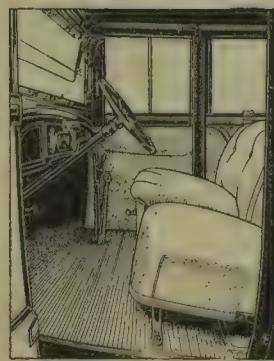
Upholstery is in Bedford Cloth and the cabinet work is inlaid.

Also supplied in best leather upholstery at an extra cost of £11.

The six windows can be lowered at will.

WARNING.

With every Fiat car a full guarantee is issued by this Company. Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased. The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.



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FIAT (England) LIMITED

Continued

as ambitious a programme for a day as one wanted to embark upon. Now the project has been revived, and it is suggested that Parliamentary powers should

Transport to construct it out of public moneys. Another objection is that, according to the *Motor*, every mile of such a road would entail the purchase of fifty-two acres of land, which would mean the spoliation of some of the most beautiful country in Surrey and Sussex. This is a utilitarian age, but to my mind there would be no excuse for this at all. Lastly, who wants to go to Brighton anyway, so long as there are other resorts within easy motor-ing reach of town? The place is girdled by police traps, and when you get there you cannot leave your car anywhere for five minutes without being moved on by the local police — there is not a recognised parking place in the town.

The R.A.C. and Speed Events.

In view of the R.A.C. ban on speed events on the public roads, several clubs and organisations are looking for private roads suitable

RECENTLY FLOWN FROM BRUSSELS TO THE CONGO: A HANDLEY PAGE AERO-PLANE WITH A ROLLS-ROYCE "EAGLE" ENGINE.

In the successful aeroplane flight from Brussels to Leopoldville, the capital of the Belgian Congo, the machine used was a new type of three-engined Handley-Page, driven by a 360-h.p. Rolls-Royce "Eagle" IX. master-engine in the fuselage, with two smaller auxiliary engines above the wings. The airmen flew 800 miles across the Sahara. The total distance was 5100 miles, the last 700 being across dense forests where no landing was possible. The reliability of British-built aircraft and aero engines is thus again demonstrated. For some weeks the machine and its engines endured tropical rain and sunshine without shelter. This machine is the first of a fleet of aeroplanes for a regular flying service between Leopoldville and Elizabethville, a distance of 1200 miles which now takes 45 days by land, but will take only twelve hours by air.

be asked to enable such a speedway to be built by private enterprise. It seems to me that there are several vital objections to the scheme. In the first place, I doubt very much if it is wanted. The existing main roads are sufficient to carry the present-day traffic, and if the tabulated schemes of improvement are carried out it will provide all the road accommodation we are likely to require for years to come. Then there seems to be every objection to a revival of the toll-gate system, which, I understand, is projected to be put into force. Obviously, if such a road is to be constructed out of private funds, those who find the money hope for dividends, and the only way to get them is by a system of tolls. Clearly, if the road is really needed it is the business of the Ministry of

for holding hill-climbs and such like events. It appears to me that they are destined to fail, for there are not many hills like Shelsley Walsh to be found, and, even if there were, the difficulty of obtaining permission to use them has to be overcome. I wonder nobody has ever thought of buying a really good, high hill in the South of England and constructing a hill-climbing course, complete with hairpin bends and all the rest. If the hill could be found and purchased, I am sure it could be made into a commercial enterprise. It could be properly enclosed, so as to make it absolutely safe for spectators, who could

view the racing in security. All the clubs within a hundred miles of London would, I should say, be only too glad to organise their events there, in return for a small share of the gate money, while the proprietary company would simply have to keep it in good order and would be recouped by the "gate," as the Midland Automobile Club does at Shelsley. I really believe there is something in the idea.

Even if private roads can be found, which is very doubtful, it is not so much the road as the organisation that has been at fault. Even at Shelsley, where the road is private and where a charge is made for admission, the club officials find it extremely difficult to control the spectators and prevent them from gathering at the dangerous bends. There seems nothing for it but a properly constructed racing road. The alter-



In 1602 the Dutch East India Company was transporting colonists to the Indies—and with them, little barrels of Bols.

THE wooden ship has passed, but still we have some of the good things of olden times; Bols, for instance—meaning fine spirits and liqueurs like those which Lucas Bols distilled at Amsterdam in 1575.

BOLS

An honourable fellowship, these—BOLS: Very Old Gin, Dry Gin, Kümmel, Orange Curaçao (Dry), White Curaçao (Triple Sec), Crème de Menthe Maraschino, and Cherry Brandy.

BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD.,
Corn Exchange Chambers, Seething Lane, E.C.3.



THE NEW DEAN OF MANCHESTER WITH THE MANCHESTER CAR PRESENTED TO HIM: THE VERY REV. HEWLETT JOHNSON AND HIS 14-H.P. ALL-WEATHER CROSSLEY.

This Crossley car has been presented to the new Dean of Manchester, the Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, D.D., by his parishioners at Altrincham, where he had been Vicar of St. Margaret's since 1908. The Dean very appropriately chose a car of Manchester make.

native is, of course, to drop hill-climbs altogether. This, quite possibly, would be the best course of all.

W. W.



MARMON
A Super Car
A hundred thousand miles

SUCH a mileage—free from trouble of any description—is no uncommon experience to the Marmon owner. Closed car perfection is very near attainment in the "super-car."

Throughout America—the country of its origin—Marmon cars are famous. Majestic in outline—magnificent in performance, and replete with every luxury fitment that can make car travel more pleasurable—the Marmon will fill you with enthusiasm. It is displayed in our showrooms. May we anticipate a visit?

7-Seater Saloon	£1075
5-Seater Sedan	£900

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Studebaker "Big-Six"
Coachbuilt Saloon.



See the Studebaker first!

You may think that what you demand of a car is easier defined than found: power and luxury and looks—at a reasonable price. So we invite you to visit our Showrooms and inspect the Studebaker.

In every model, from the "Standard-Six" Touring-Saloon at £395, to the "Big-Six" Coach-built 7-Seater Saloon at £765, you will find power to exult in, looks to be proud of, luxury to revel in. And perfect safety besides, thanks to the wonderful Studebaker Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes which make skidding impossible. The internal expanding front wheel brakes never require adjusting.

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Before buying a new car see what Studebaker have to offer—investigation may save you hundreds of pounds.

Let us give you proof of performance on the road.
We will gladly arrange a trial run at your convenience.

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"Standard-Six"
Touring Saloon

£395

Coach-built Saloon
£520

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"Special-Six"
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£495

Coach-built Saloon
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STUDEBAKER
"Big-Six"
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£575

Coach-built Saloon
£765

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

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We can arrange for your old car to be taken in part payment for any new Studebaker model.

Managing Director: EUSTACE H. WATSON.

London Showrooms: 117-123 Great Portland Street, W.1

We have a few brand new and fully guaranteed Studebaker "Light Six" cars with both open and closed bodies for disposal at very attractive prices.

Deferred payments arranged on the basis of 4% on the list price.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ADAM AND EVA." AT THE LITTLE.

THE plot of Messrs. Guy Bolton and George Middleton's tale, "Adam and Eva," is quite a harmless piece of extravagance, and, since up against its fairy-story background stand the figures of four very amusing and up-to-date youngsters, there is no reason why the play should not please in a small way. The quartet in question are the grown-up children of a well-to-do and weak minded parent who groans under their extravagance and finds not only his own family but his sons-in-law and potential sons-in-law counting on him to serve as their banker. Someone must reform his household, he decides, and, since he cannot do it himself, he goes off to Hong Kong and appoints a business friend to act as guardian. Adam, the guardian in question, pretends the absent father is ruined, gets the jewels of the family carried off, and persuades the young people to start earning their own living—at chicken-farming. They find the game good fun, clear the family from encumbrances, and have become quite sensible and happy when paterfamilias returns, still, of course, as rich as ever. Naturally, the guardian gets his reward by marrying the youngest daughter, Eva. A pleasant

title of a play is pleasantly acted at the Little, the most interesting feature in the cast being the début of Miss Joan Clement Scott, who promises well.

"LITTLE MISS BLUEBEARD." AT WYNDHAM'S.

The heroine of "Little Miss Bluebeard"—a comedy, or rather farce, with music adapted by Mr. Avery

opposition outside her door. A sentimental song is sung or played a good many times during the action of the play. Miss Irene Bordoni, as the heroine, Colette, wears a variety of pretty costumes, and also sings prettily; there are scenes in which one woman goes into hysterics and another smashes furniture; and the cast includes those sound actors, Mr. C. M. Lowne and Mr. George Elton. Scarcely a production, this, over which to be wildly enthusiastic!

"THE PUNCH BOWL." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The "fourth mixture" of "The Punch Bowl" revue is a good mixture, thanks largely to the fact that into it have been infused the high spirits of that admirable master of parody, Mr. Robert Hale. Nothing better in the way of burlesque is to be seen on our stage just now than his delicious travesty of Mr. George Grossmith in a skit on "No, No, Nanette," to which Miss Norah Blaney contributes an equally wicked caricature of Miss Irene Browne. But Mr. Hale has also got a first-class turn taking off the old-time xylophonist, and is no less happy in poking fun at the Lonsdale-Noel Coward type of play. Another Hale, Mr. Sonnie Hale, keeps up the family tradition, and Miss Gwen Farrar is as entertaining as ever.



A NEW VIEW OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, OPENED UP: THE SOUTHERN FRONT OF THE GREAT QUADRANGLE—
IN DANGER OF BEING OBSCURED AGAIN BY SHOPS.

The widening of St. Aldate's at Oxford has opened up, through the demolition of outbuildings at Christ Church, a new view of the beautiful southern front of Wolsey's great quadrangle. It is, however, in danger of being obscured again by new shops and offices, for the College counsels are divided as to the use of the new site. Those who favour an aesthetic as opposed to a financial policy suggest that Christ Church should preserve this new view as part of the celebration this year of its fourth centenary.—[Photograph by James Soame, Oxford.]

Hopwood from a Hungarian source—has been married by a man who is married already and has married her in the name of a bachelor friend. To this bachelor's rooms she is brought, and she is given the name that figures in the title apparently because, apart from other suitors, she has got two pseudo-husbands, who soon show rivalry, and spend a night keeping watch in

equally wicked caricature of But Mr. Hale has also got a first-class turn taking off the old-time xylophonist, and is no less happy in poking fun at the Lonsdale-Noel Coward type of play. Another Hale, Mr. Sonnie Hale, keeps up the family tradition, and Miss Gwen Farrar is as entertaining as ever.

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A Serial Story—Chapter IV

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A-ro-mat-ic is a dainty little lady. She detests noise, and the more you have of her the less "pinking" you get, and the easier it is to climb hills.

Naph-thene is a refined and athletic gentleman, as you can clearly see from his photograph. Like *A-ro-mat-ic*, he doesn't like noise—though he doesn't mind it as much as *A-ro-mat-ic*.

And so Shell Spirit is a carefully balanced blend of *A-ro-mat-ic* and *Naph-thene* with only a little *Par-af-fin*. Hence the clean valves and the easy starting and the freedom from "pinking."

By carefully following this short "serial" story, motorists who have long been aware of Shell superiority may now know the real reason of its predominance.

(Watch for Chapter V)

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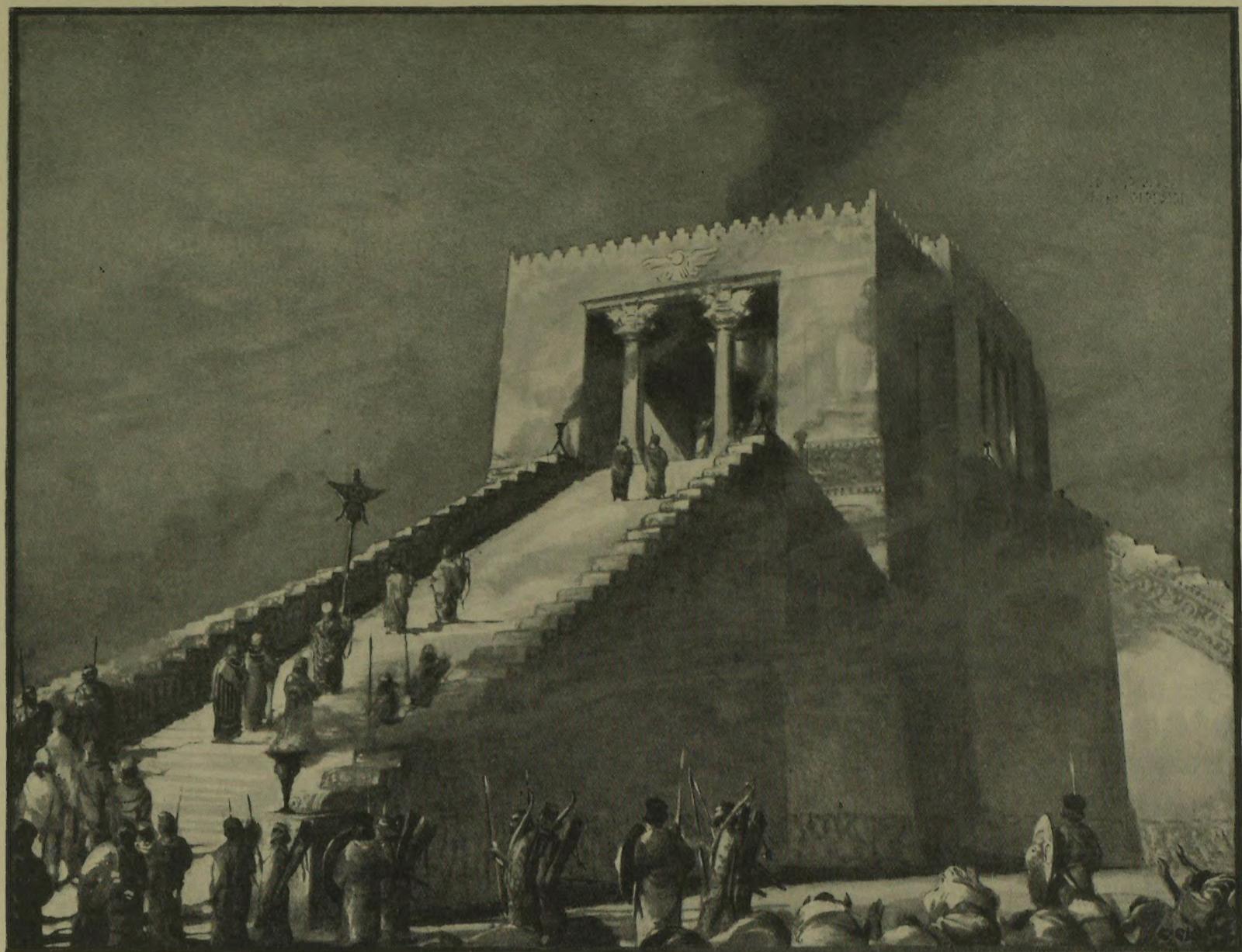
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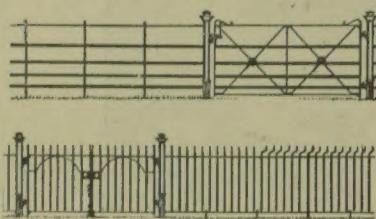
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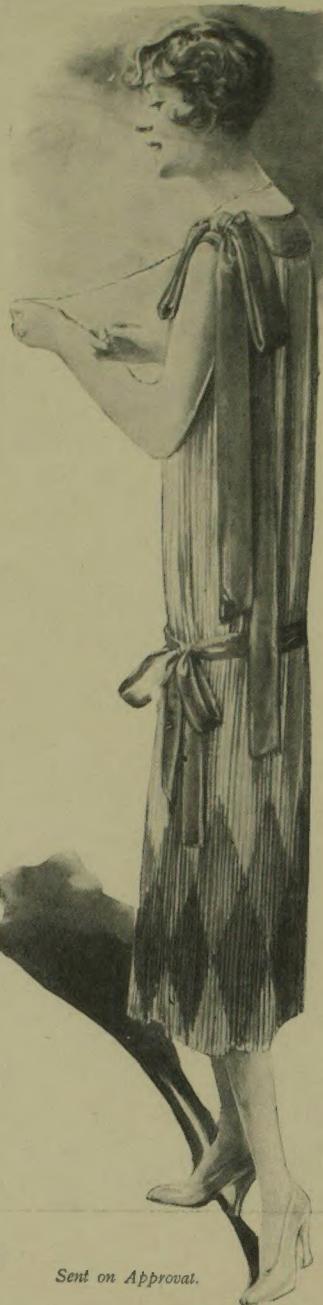
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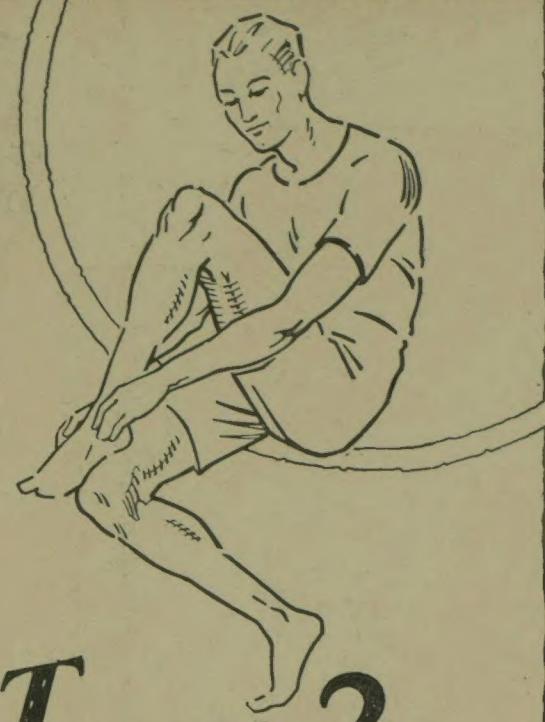
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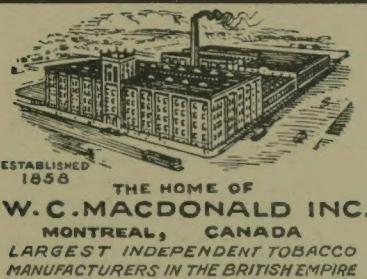


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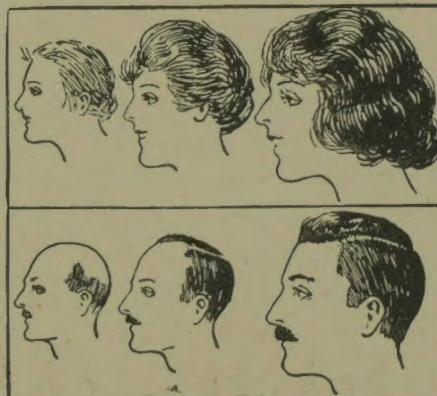
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